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BOB HOPE
and ELAINE MORRIS
(story inside)

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These FOOLISH things...

HOARDERS are just born that way, and there is nothing they can do about it. Either they hoard for a purpose, or they hoard just for the love of it.

Hoarders for a purpose are people really worth knowing in these days of shortages. There is nothing they cannot produce like a rabbit out of a hat.

If the roof starts to leak, they will disappear for a few minutes and turn up with a piece of guttering or a sheet of iron.

Next time you meet a hoarder of this type marry her, kidnap her, or by some means make her yours. She will prove well worth the effort.

But as for that aimless, useless sentimentalist, the hoarder who hoards just for the love of it—just tell me one reason why she should exist and I'll be grateful, because I happen to belong to the species.

There is something in me which absolutely refuses to allow me to throw anything away. It is a physical impossibility. I don't mean anything useful; but just old, useless things. Things that meant something once, but now have no meaning at all, or else can only wring the heart.

THINGS that meant something once, and now have no meaning at all, or can only wring the heart.

By

BETTY WILKINSON

Thanks to me, our storeroom is piled with them.

There is that curious faded little wooden doll's head.

That takes me back twenty years.

I was a small girl playing with a small boy.

He said: "I'll give you my doll's head if you promise to keep it forever and ever on the very centre of your dressing-table."

I promised.

I still have the head; but I broke the promise, for here it is in this old trunk.

And here's a china stopper.

Certainly it is a most pleasing little affair. A lovely shade of blue and a charming shape—but why, oh, why didn't I throw it away, when I broke the bottle it belonged to?

It was a most exciting Christmas, and the bottle filled with banana liqueur was a Christmas gift.

But the bottle, a most adorable shape it was, got broken. So what good do I think I'm doing by keeping the stopper? It will never fit anything else, but I can't throw it out, so back it goes into the trunk.

What's in this packet?

Menus of farewell dinners on board various ships. With my fellow passengers' signatures scrawled all over them.

After weeks and weeks at sea together, how important they all seemed.

Who were they?

SOME of us swore eternal friendship. For others there was a feeling of hatred more bitter than anything ever felt on land.

And now not even their signatures can make me remember who they were. "M . . . . B . . . ."

Was she that African woman with the leathery skin who gave her husband such an appalling time, or was she the rather pretty, faded widow who seemed to drink in so many different cabins?

Ah, well, what does it matter, anyway!

My eye lights on a bottle of "Amberfoam" dog shampoo. Why on earth do I keep it? It is years now since my last dog died, so why keep reminding myself how superb his coat looked when he had been shampooed and brushed?

Why bring back the memory of all those divine days when we raced wildly about the country together; he a bundle of joyous doghood, and I just a harum-scarum.

And here are dozens of ball programmes.

Does modern youth still use ball programmes, or am I talking about something that went out years ago?

What visions they conjure up of the gay, mad period when we danced while the Nazis and Japanese had other things to do!

And because of those other things how many of the names I see on those programmes bring sad thoughts. What now of the men who danced then, in all their youth and strength and vigor?

Some killed in action, some missing, some prisoners of war, and some still fighting on. Bless them all!

I seem to have a special delight in hoarding Easter eggs.

I'm no chicken, and Easter does come round each year, after all, so even if I only keep one egg each Easter, that makes a fair number.

There is that delicate mauve silk one, with flowers stencilled on it. What charming gift came in that? Was it a necklace, a wisp of chiffon underwear, or a pair of stockings?

And what of all those others? The biggish one with green and orange spots, the tango velvet with gold braid trimming? The bright blue held perfume, I remember. What fun they all are! I'm glad I kept them.

But hoarding old hats is silly. It undermines the morale.

Here's an old tricorne. I used to think it rather snappy.

I try it on.

Heavens, oh, my heavens! Did I ever really think that THING looked smart? Did I preen myself upon its line, its dash?

And in another year or two will I feel this loathing, this abhorrence, for that wisp of tulle and straw which at the moment I sigh over murmuring: "So glamorous."

That finishes it. Those hats are the last straw.

Bang goes the lid of the trunk. Bang goes the storeroom door, and clickety-click goes the lock.

Not one thing thrown away. Just the dust disturbed; but never mind, it will soon settle again.

And the hoarder goes happily on her way.

We had its photo taken

This is the original master design from which one of our new streamlined PERFECTION TEA and COFFEE SERVICES will be made as soon as our manufacturing resources, now devoted to war, can be changed over to peace-time production.

There will be many more exquisitely designed services, of which this is an example, at a FRACTION of WAR-TIME PRICES, so plan ahead, as we are doing, to add to that depleted range of Silverware. PERFECTION PLATE adds PERSONALITY to Tableware.

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Paragon
THE SHOE BEAUTIFUL

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"Alan," I yelped, whirling the fish into the air, "Alan, tell me what to do!"

FUNNY THAT WAY

By E. S. HANSEN

I SHOULD have known the minute I saw her, with her long slate-blue eyes, that she'd be poison for a girl like me to have round—when I was specially interested in a certain man. A very special man. But I was too happy, too crazy in love to realise it.

Ordinarily I think pretty straight about things. I knew I was a secretary only because I had to work for a living, and that the day I closed my desk for a home of my own I'd really begin to live. Gleaming mahogany, firelight, the smell of sun-dried linen, even of clean, hot soapsuds—all the actual doings and fixings that make a home run like it should, mean more to me than all the careers in Christendom, with a paste clip from the boss' wife and a Christmas bonus thrown in.

I'm funny that way. Old-fashioned? Not so terribly. There's millions of us—only I'm admitting it.

I knew, too, not many weeks after I'd met Alan Campbell, that he was absolutely necessary to any future happiness I might hope to have.

We'd been together a lot all spring—had got to the place where we didn't have to talk much when we were together—and I'd been hoping the invitation to spend part of our vacations at Katey Lawrence's mountain cabin would just about settle things with Alan and me. You know—moonlight in the mountains, and the romantic atmosphere of the great outdoors.

Katey is office manager where I'd worked for a year, in a big stationery supply store. Alan is superintendent of a bonding house that buys from us. Katey's known him for years, and he was a pet of hers because they were both cracked about the mountains. She told me how his knee was hurt, ski-ing, and how it hadn't mattered much till he was turned down by the Army. Then he felt like such a creep, half mad, half sensitive, Katey got the idea of asking us up. She said if anything would take his mind off his rejection it would be fishing—and me.

To me it looked perfect. Alan and I could roam as far—or as fast—as we chose. Then Katey's sister, Renna, drifted into the picture. She taught school, and since the cabin was to be opened for the season she wanted to go along. My heart gave a funny little bleat when I saw her. I'd imagined her being as portly and iron-grey as Katey. But she was one long dream of slim, sleek assurance. Katey had to ask another man—Harry Mulvihill, solid and kind, but about as interesting as yesterday's pancakes. Renna took one look at Harry and turned to Alan, and I went down and spent fifty dollars on a new outfit.

Harry drove Alan and me up. He wanted to have his car along. Harry is an office man and it seems his idea of a vacation is to tinker with an automobile. We drove to meet Katey and Renna. They'd gone ahead in Renna's coupe to get supplies. They planned to leave Renna's car in Estes and all go on in Harry's, to direct us to the cabin which Katey said was thirty and a half miles from nowhere.

It gave me a heady sensation, leaving Denver behind and then meeting the crisp freshness of the air as we started up the Big Thompson canyon, with the river rushing by in the opposite direction. Alan knew all the interesting vistas, what to watch for, when to look for Long's Peak. He reached once for my arm which lay behind him and pulled it round his neck, and every now and then he'd touch his cheek to it and say, "Happy, Dee?"

We reached Estes just at dusk. I was feeling pretty good, very Western in my pants and boots, when I saw Renna, on a horse, waiting for us. My heart sank. She was revoltingly beautiful—a composite of everything glamorous and the great outdoors. Flannel blouse the color of her eyes, soft worn boots moulded to her elegant legs, knotted scarf, and she sat on her horse no more conscious of him than a comfortable glove.

We drove up beside her and Alan stared. Oh, she was a picture. Part and parcel of the great backdrop of mountain, trees, and rushing water. She belonged to it. My heart sank lower as I got out stiffly, feeling dressed up as a broken arm and praying my new boots wouldn't squeak. Yes, Renna was a picture all right, but it wasn't the picture I'd been painting.

She swung down from the saddle and I thought she tossed the reins to me. I stood, holding them carefully while they all piled provisions into the car. When she realised what I was doing, she laughed, took the reins, and gave the horse a little slap. I watched, feeling like a droop while he trotted down the street and turned in at his stable.

"Horses know their way round up here, Dee." She turned to Alan. "Did you bring any gold hooks?"

The gold hook discussion should have given me an idea but it didn't. I listened as Renna smilingly disagreed with Alan about them. It was all Greek to me, but I wasn't going to give them another companionable chuckle at my expense. We ate in Estes, with Katey, looking a mile wide in brown breeches and man's shirt, happily enumerating her provisions. She clambered into the car, asking Renna, "Sure you got all the boxes—everything I bought?" Renna laughed.

"Oh, I trust it's all here. Marketing's not exactly my line, Katey, my dear." Just what was her line, I wondered darkly as she slid into my place in the front seat.

Katey my dear was right about the cabin being miles from nowhere. We climbed and twisted and turned for two hours before we came to the spicy, moon-drenched clearing. The men unboarded the door and set about making a fire, but the stove wouldn't draw. Alan wrestled with the damper, removed the kindling, and started all over, and still it drove us out. Then Renna wandered in.

"Alan, my dear, you have to have a draft to build a fire." Her voice was intimately musical. "Come on outside." She took his arm. "I'll show you. See?" She pointed to a slab across the top of the chimney. "I put it there the last thing every autumn to keep the snow out. Katey always forgets on her first fire of the season." She climbed up a trellis and tipped off the slab, releasing a belch of smoke to the night sky. Alan grinned self-consciously and caught her as she jumped down.

I felt crumbly inside to see them laughing in each other's arms, even for that second. Renna's eyes followed Alan, and his cheeks were bright as we began to get settled. My face went on smiling, but my throat was tight as I reminded myself I hadn't the slightest hold on Alan except our happiness in being together. I'd believed he cared for me, but I knew perfectly well it might be because I wanted so desperately to believe it. My thoughts weren't a very successful lullaby.

I'd scarcely closed my eyes when Renna whispered, "Dee—Dee, we're going fishing. Alan wants to know if you'd like to come along."

"Fishing—at night?"

Please turn to page 21

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ORANGE BLOSSOM

By Australian author

A. J. PAYNE

THE chauffeur slipped in the gears, and the car moved off. Athalie arranged her bridal train on the seat beside her, and unnecessarily patted the corn-colored hair beneath her veil. Her father handed her her bouquet. He patted Athalie's hand and smiled encouragingly.

"Zero hour," he said. "Cheer up, old girl!"

The bouquet was of orange blossom. As they sped on, the air in the closed car became heavy with the scent of it. It probed Athalie's memory like a lancet, and filled her with an almost unbearable nostalgia, so that when the car slowed at a cross-street she was oblivious to the eager women who stopped to gloat over a bride . . .

The memory of Jenico was entwined with the scent of it. So long she had known him—since she was a small girl fondling a doll, and he a dirty-faced urchin clambering over the wall between her home and his. The orange-tree at the end of the wild-growing garden had seen most of their childhood quarrels and reconciliations, the beginning of many a youthful adventure. And one afternoon—aeons ago it seemed now—in the shadow of its branches:

"Why don't we get married, Athalie?" Jenico had asked her.

"I . . ." began Athalie, looking up at him, and then dropping her gaze to his blue uniform, with the white splash of wings on the breast.

"Oh, I know you've known me too long for there to be any romance about it, but . . . well, I'll be posted at the end of this long leave—maybe overseas. Couldn't we be married next week . . . couldn't we, Athalie?"

"Yes," said Athalie.

The car slowed. They were nearing the church. People crowded the footpath and the drive. Athalie swayed a little.

"Steady, youngster!" said her father. He grabbed her small hand in his large one. He looked anxiously into her green eyes, searching them for tears. There was a flurry as they alighted. The bridesmaids fussed about her in the porch. The organ thundered grandly. They began to walk down the aisle . . .

Of course, there had been no wedding the next week. Even while they spoke history was being made at Pearl Harbor, and two days later Jenico was on his way overseas. Somehow the weeks that followed dragged by, merging into months. Remembering that time was like looking down a dark corridor, lit only here and there by Jenico's hasty scrawls. They told Athalie little, but she lived for those letters. He had been in combat. He had been shot down, but had parachuted to safety. He was in England. He had been decorated. He had been wounded . . .

Then came the letter, written by one of his squadron-mates: "My wounded hand is still out of action," he said, "so old Baker's writing this for me . . ." Even now, Athalie could recapture the feeling of hopeless misery that enveloped her as she read on . . .

It was useless, Jenico said, for him to mince words, and he knew she would forgive him for something which, after all, he could not help happening. There was someone else—one of the sisters who had nursed him when he was wounded. This was the real thing, and Athalie would agree, he knew, that in their case it had been mere propinquity. So, would she forgive and forget—and marry someone more worthy of her than he himself . . .

"Why don't we get married, Athalie?" Jenico had asked.

. . . . . .

They were at the chancel steps. The bridesmaids had arranged her train and demurely sorted themselves out. The packed church was close with the heat of the November day. The marriage service, as the vicar intoned it, seemed to rise and fall like the burden of some solemn chant . . . "to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency . . ."

. . . . . .

Athalie's first impression was that it was all unreal, that any day she might get a cable from Jenico saying that the whole thing was a wretched mistake. But eventually she came to accept the inevitable and to take up, with some measure of interest, the threads of her life again.

She never quite knew how she came to go out with Roger. He was a friend of her cousin Fay's, a chartered accountant engaged in ironing out kinks in the mushrooming departments of a Commonwealth at war, and, as such, reserved from the Services.

Before she had quite realised it Roger was seeing her frequently and squiring her most times she went out.

She gave him scant encouragement, and their friendship came to be, as far as Athalie was concerned, a matter of habit. But Roger was not one who needed encouragement. He was confident, managing, and—with women—sure of himself; quite different from Jenico.

They were sitting in the ancient summer-house at her aunt's place at Coolon Bay when Roger proposed.

"Athalie dear," he said, and his tone was firm and sure.

"I'm in love with you. I know you took a toss a while back about some other man, and that because of the memory of it you are not in love with me. But I believe you like me well enough. I'll be content with that, and after we are married I hope . . . I believe . . . you'll come to really care for me. Athalie, will you marry me?"

. . . . . .

"Thirdly, it was ordained for the mutual society, help, and comfort . . ." the vicar was saying . . .

Yes, that is it. It didn't say anything about love. Only "mutual society, help, and comfort . . ." She could give Roger that.

"Will you, Athalie?" Roger asked again.

"Very well, Roger," she said.

"Therefore," warned the vicar, "if any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak . . ."

. . . . . .

It was by one of those curious twists of fate that so often shape our lives that Athalie got news of Jenico again. One afternoon, about a week before the day set for her wedding, she had an hour to kill before keeping a dinner appointment with Roger, and she went into a newsreel theatrette to wait.

The programme was the customary vivid visual news from the four corners of the earth, including an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

And as the screen showed the first recipient step forward, Athalie felt the blood rush to her face and the quickened beating of her heart.

"Squadron-Leader Jenico Pulin already a D.F.C.," said the commentator, "receives the D.S.O. and the Royal handshake for conspicuous gallantry in an air battle over the English Channel. The squadron-leader is guided to the dais by the arm of a brother officer, for in this battle he received a head injury which subsequently cost him his sight."

Herself unseeing, Athalie stumbled out into the street. Those few seconds had held revelation. She saw clearly why Jenico had written her as he did—not because someone else had supplanted her, but because he would not tie her to his own affliction for the rest of her life.

. . . . . .

The vicar's voice had assumed a more significant tone. It seemed to convey that here, at last, the really important part of the ceremony had been reached; that the service had changed from the general to the particular. To the bridegroom he was speaking, sternly, confidentially:

". . . wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will," said Jenico.

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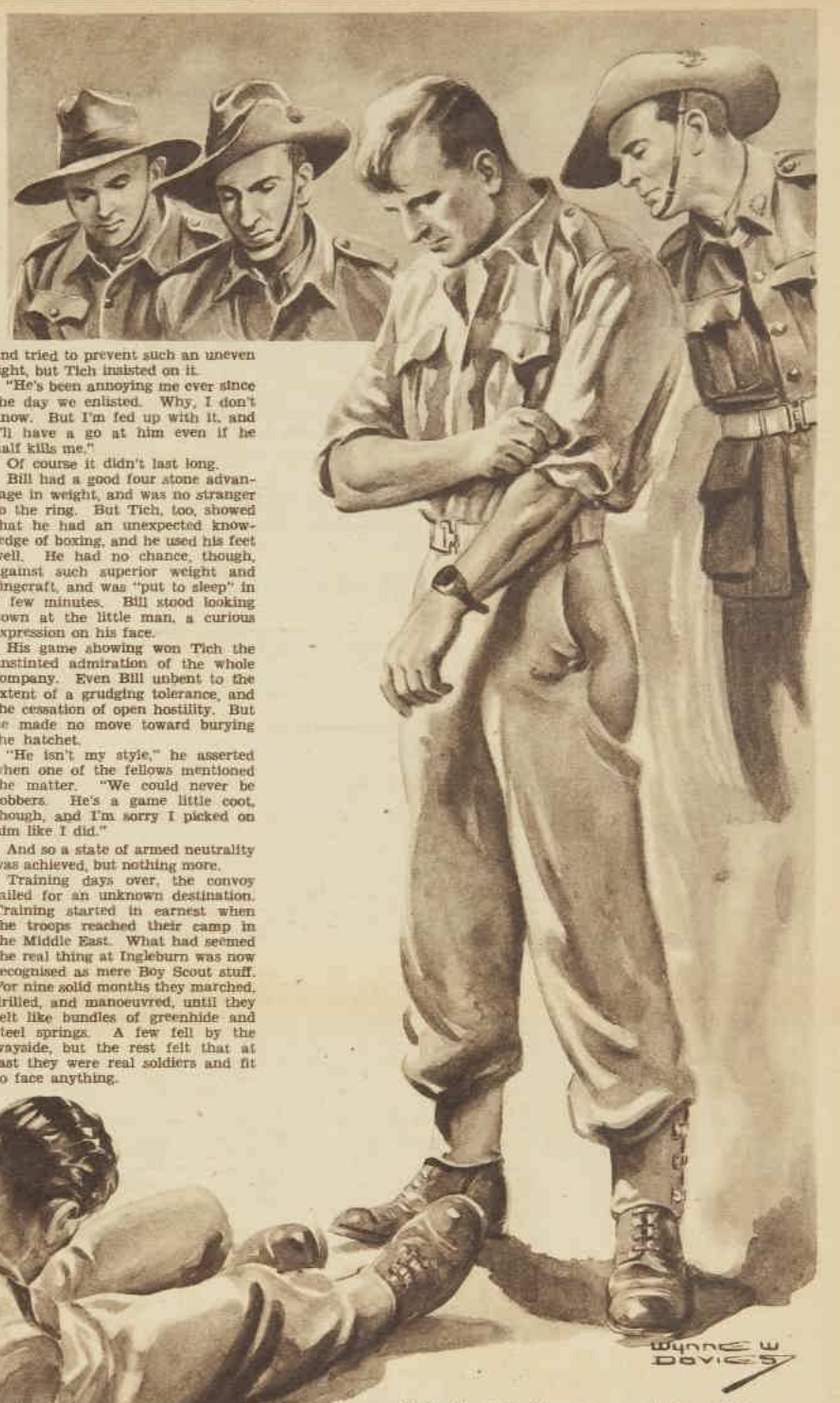
TICH

By Australian author LES PORTER



Bill stood looking down at the little man, a curious expression on his face.

FROM the day they joined up there was friction between them.

Bill, tall and well-built, was an athlete in perfect condition. A trifle rough and uncouth, perhaps, but intelligent, and his whole bearing denoted ability to lead and control men.

Cyril, on the other hand, was small and dapper. His clean-shaven face shone as though it had been polished, and not a hair of his sleek head was out of place. His voice was soft and well-modulated, and he spoke courteously to every officer and N.C.O. through whose hands he passed.

Bill, just ahead of him in the line, threw him more than one disdainful glance as they moved through the various stages of enlistment.

"Ought to be joining the Girl Guides," he remarked in an audible whisper to the chap ahead of him.

Cyril, however, chose to ignore the remark, though he must have heard it clearly enough.

By a coincidence they were allotted consecutive numbers. Bill looked rather disgusted about it, thinking it would result in them being constantly together.

It did happen that way for a while. They were both posted to engineers, and on the train journey to camp they had to be together whether they liked it or not.

Bill with his cutting remarks addressed to the whole draft made things rather unpleasant for his companion until a diversion came from a totally unexpected quarter. The speaker was a quiet, reserved chap, taller than Bill, though not so perfectly built—more of the rangy type. His voice was drawly, but his tone clearly showed that he meant what he said.

"Cut it out, mate. Give the little bloke a bit of a break, can't you? We're all new hands at this game, and he might turn out just as good a soldier as any one of us. Let him alone."

"What's biting you, Lofty?" Bill swung menacingly in the tall chap's direction. "You looking for trouble?"

"Not exactly." Lofty's voice noticeably lost its drawl. "But I never dodge it. Anyhow, it's time you took a spell. If you must sling off, pick on a bloke about your own weight."

Bill flushed, for the shot went home. He wasn't naturally a bully, and he did feel a bit ashamed of having picked on a man who was obviously no match for him physically.

"O.K., Lofty. Maybe one of these days I'll be picking on you. You'd be just about up to my weight by the look of you."

"I joined this here A.I.F. to fight Hitler, not me cobbers," answered Lofty quietly. "But if you ever start anything, I'll be in it, don't worry."

Lofty's attitude was applauded by several of the fellows, and Bill, flamefaced, turned from his victim and engaged in conversation with some of his other fellow travellers.

Noticing a vacant seat next to Lofty, Cyril crossed the carriage and seated himself in it. He proffered a heavy silver case filled with cigarettes, and thanked the tall chap for having taken his part.

"Aw, that's nothing. Got sick of hearin' his voice, that's all. Couldn't expect a bloke of your size to rush it with a big joker like him. You wouldn't stand a show."

"It was jolly decent of you just the same," asserted Cyril, "and I won't forget it. By the way, my name's Manning, Cyril Manning. What's yours?"

Lofty grinned and jerked his thumb in the direction of Bill.

"He gave me a name just now that's bound to stick while I'm in the Army. Suits me, too. But the proper handle is George Trent."

"You're from the country, aren't you? Have you any folks in Sydney?" Cyril went on.

"Don't know a soul down here," replied Lofty. "Knocked round the bush all my life—shearing, harvesting, and all that sort of work. But I s'pose I'll soon get to know a few in the city."

"Then you must spend a bit of time at my home when you get leave. My folks will be pleased to welcome you, George."

"Gee, thanks! That's decent of you—er-ha——"

Cyril burst out laughing.

"Don't you think——? Well, we're in the Army now, and likely to be together for years. How would it be if I called you Lofty and you chose a name for me. Cyril is a bit high-sounding for a sapper, isn't it? Stumpy or Tich would be more suitable, wouldn't they?" he said.

"Tich it is," agreed Lofty, shaking hands on it. And as Tich he became known by the whole company.

He got along well with most of them, too. At first he was a little shy and reserved, but his mates soon realised that he was made of the right stuff.

On parade he was smart and alert. He carried out any fatigue for which he was detailed faithfully and cheerfully, and he was keen to learn all he could of the technical side of soldiering. In spite of his small stature he was proving tough and wiry, and stood up to the drilling and marching as well as most men.

Although a strangely assorted pair, he and Lofty were the closest of friends, and spent most of their leisure time together. This, coupled with the fact that Tich was popular with the fellows, put a curb on Bill's open hostility toward him. But he still contrived in many ways to show that he held "mother's boy," as he called him, in contempt.

This attitude puzzled the fellows, for Bill himself was a very likeable chap, and he had a lot of friends. It was strange that he had taken such a dislike to Tich, and frequently managed to make life unpleasant for him when Lofty wasn't about.

The climax came one day at the canteen.

Tich had wandered over alone after lunch to buy some smokes, and Bill was there. The big fellow passed a slurring remark when Tich voiced his disappointment at not being able to obtain his favorite cigarettes. Met with silence, he went on to bait the little chap further, and overstepped the mark.

"You cad!" yelled Tich, throwing caution to the winds, and letting drive with all his nine stone behind the punch. It caught Bill right over the heart, and, for all his toughness, rocked him back on his heels for a second or two.

Everyone was dumbfounded, including Bill. Only for a moment, though. Shaking his head, he bored in, and the gleam in his eye boded ill for Tich. The boys took a hand and tried to prevent such an uneven fight, but Tich insisted on it.

"He's been annoying me ever since the day we enlisted. Why, I don't know. But I'm fed up with it, and I'll have a go at him even if he half kills me."

Of course it didn't last long.

Bill had a good four stone advantage in weight, and was no stranger to the ring. But Tich, too, showed that he had an unexpected knowledge of boxing, and he used his feet well. He had no chance, though, against such superior weight and ringcraft, and was "put to sleep" in a few minutes. Bill stood looking down at the little man, a curious expression on his face.

His game showing won Tich the unstinted admiration of the whole company. Even Bill unbent to the extent of a grudging tolerance, and the cessation of open hostility. But he made no move toward burying the hatchet.

"He isn't my style," he asserted when one of the fellows mentioned the matter. "We could never be cobbers. He's a game little coot, though, and I'm sorry I picked on him like I did."

And so a state of armed neutrality was achieved, but nothing more.

Training days over, the convoy sailed for an unknown destination. Training started in earnest when the troops reached their camp in the Middle East. What had seemed the real thing at Ingleburn was now recognised as mere Boy Scout stuff. For nine solid months they marched, drilled, and manoeuvred, until they felt like bundles of greenhide and steel springs. A few fell by the wayside, but the rest felt that at last they were real soldiers and fit to face anything.

Bill had early proved himself an outstanding soldier, and had received the promotion he deserved. He became an N.C.O. of the sub-section to which both Tich and Lofty belonged.

He had to give Tich credit for the way he had stood up to and developed under the solid training; but he still made no move toward establishing a friendship. Tich, for his part, was quite prepared to forget the past. Lofty, too, would have liked to make a pal of Bill, but his great liking for Tich prevented him. He was far too loyal to enter into any friendship which did not include his mate.

The company moved up into the front line with this strange, unaccountable feud still existing in its crack sub-section.

The brigade took up its allotted position outside Bardia, and the engineers were busy from the jump-off. Their job was to clear the way for the attack.

Late one evening No. 11 sub-section was detailed to carry out a reconnaissance of the Ities' forward defences. Passing out through their own lines, they negotiated the track through the wire, and made their way out into no-man's land.

It was just about dark, and, provided they could avoid skylines, they had every chance of escaping enemy observation. As the men approached a low ridge of sand Bill halted them.

"Looks like a skyline there, boys. Maybe we'd better wait till it gets a bit darker. Y'all know the job," he continued in a low voice. "We've got to get into the tank-trap and nose round a bit to spot as many defences as we can. We'll be right in amongst the Dagoes, so I needn't tell you to keep quiet. If you hear a few stray shots overhead don't worry. But if there's any heavy firing starts, orders are to retire independently and meet outside our own wire."

"But don't we return their fire if we're sure they have discovered us?" one of the boys wanted to know. "Hate the idea of running away from a mob of Ities."

"No, we don't!" Bill was very emphatic. "We're out here to get information, not fight the war on our own. Just do what you're told, Curly, and don't go looking for medals."

Judging that it was now dark enough to cross the ridge in safety, Bill gave the signal to carry on. Moving silently they passed through the minefield and moved on to the Ities' wire. They were lucky enough to strike one of the gaps, saving them the necessity of crawling under the wire, and possibly betraying their presence by some slight sound. Once into the tank-trap they felt safer, though actually they were almost in amongst the enemy; close enough, at least, to hear the voices of the sentries as they spoke to one another.

Caution was the keynote of the job now. Although this was their first taste of reality, the men had been well trained for this kind of work, and everything went well for about half an hour. Then some unfortunate soldier fell over a cunningly placed trip-wire. In that oppressive silence the slight noise he made sounded like the bursting of a bomb.

Please turn to page 28

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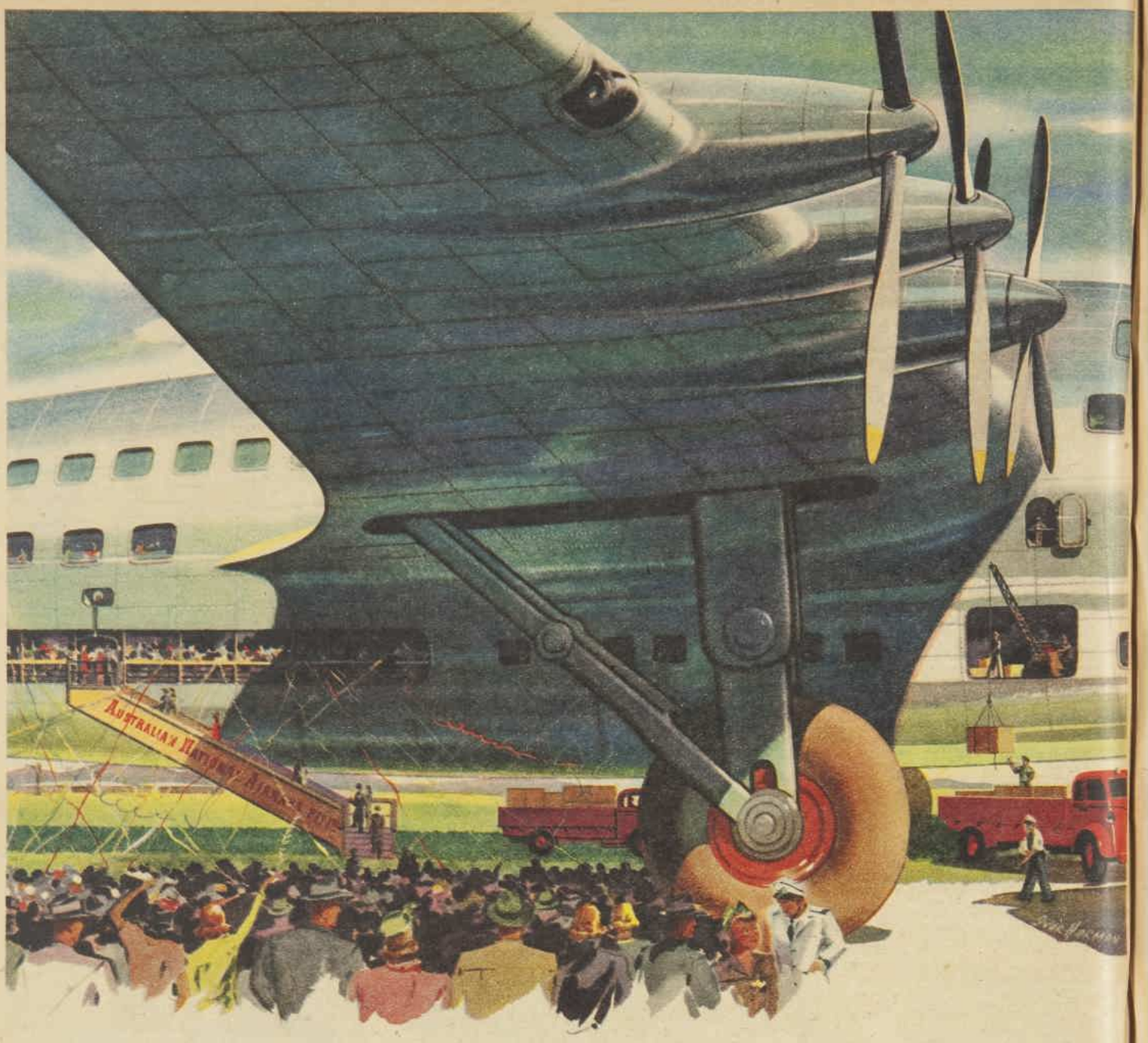

SKY VOYAGE

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AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS

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DR. CLAY'S WIFE

By . . . MILDRED MEESE

"I'm sorry, I thought you knew," said Katherine. "Dr. Clay and I were married last week."

BELIEVING that DR. DAVID CLAY is infatuated with beautiful EUNICE WILLIAMS, DR. KATHERINE PRESCOTT, secretly in love with him since student days, is overjoyed when he begs her to marry him, at the staff ball of the Evans Memorial Hospital, where she has just been appointed pathologist.

As David is to go into the Army in a week, they are married at once with DR. TOM ANDREWS, friend of their student days, and DR. JANE LESTER as witnesses. But returning from their honeymoon, FREDDIE DALTON, intoxicated and not knowing who Katherine is, lets it slip that David only married in a fit of pique because Eunice threatened to announce her engagement to Freddie if David persisted in going into the Army.

Katherine refuses to accept David's explanations. Mechanically, she receives instructions from him about his patients suffering from Addison's disease, in regard to which he has been doing brilliant research work. She is to look after them with DR. MATTHEWS who, however, resents her appointment to the position he himself wanted.

Now read on:

THE telephone rang shortly after David had left to attend the farewell dinner the staff were giving him.

"Phone for Dr. Clay," a student said.

"He's gone," Kay said absently, going on with her work.

"This is for Dr. Prescott Clay," the student said, enjoying himself.

Jane had just dropped in. She said, "That, my sweet, is you."

"Oh!" Katherine took the receiver. A crisp voice came over the wire. "Dr. Prescott?"

"Yes."

"Just a moment. Mr. Whitney here."

Her brow wrinkled in concentration. "Do I know any Mr. Whitney, Jane?" she began, then broke off abruptly. "Hello? This is Dr. Prescott."

The voice that came over the wire was low and quiet and gave the impression of age. "Dr. Prescott? Or perhaps I should say Mrs. Clay?"

"Dr. Prescott will do," Kay said.

"This is Lucien Whitney speaking. First of all, I want to welcome you to the staff of the hospital, Dr. Prescott. We are happy to have you with us. I hope very much you will enjoy your work."

"That is kind of you. I am sure I will."

"I should like you to call on me if you will. Could you manage tea to-day?"

To her frantic signals Jane said in a stage whisper, "He's the governor I spoke to you about. Eunice Williams' grandfather."

Katherine's voice was exceedingly brisk. "I'm sorry, Mr. Whitney. It's impossible, I'm afraid, to leave my work. I'd be pleased to see you in my office at any time."

"My soul, gal, haven't you any sense?" Jane said.

Kay covered the mouthpiece with her hand. "It's no further from his house to my office than from my office to his house. And he didn't engage me. Owen did."

There was a protracted silence on the wire. Then the voice said, an amused note not too carefully repressed, "Nothing would please me more than to call on you, Dr. Prescott, and to bring my greetings to you."

"Then . . ."

"It just so happens, however, that I am unable to do that, much as I should like it. You see," the voice now was not quite so amused, "I am unable to travel about. We cripples have to ask others to come to us. But, of course, if you don't wish . . ."

Katherine flushed. "Oh, I'm sorry. Of course, I should love to come," she said, all her aplomb deserting her. How cruel, how very rude she must have seemed. "I shall be there at five. And thank you."

"The thanks are mine," the old voice said courteously. "Shall I send the car, then, at half-past four? To the hospital?"

"No need for that, thank you. I shall drive myself." She could borrow Tom's car until she got one of her own.

She replaced the receiver slowly. "What in the world do you suppose he wants me for?" she asked.

Jane shrugged. "Oh, he gets round to every staff member sooner or later. He's probably heard about the rush the students gave you that first night you were here, and he wants to see for himself," she said noncommittally, but she was thoughtful.

Kay found Lucien Whitney in an enormous house amid the trappings of wealth. As she followed the butler to an upstairs sitting-room she had glimpses of wide, formal rooms set with furnishings each obviously priceless in itself. "On the whole, however," she thought, "the Metropolitan Art Museum would be a bit cosier."

Lucien Whitney, himself, was a rather weary-looking elderly man, lined, and generally forbidding, until he smiled. His smile was definitely appealing, his voice gentle.

He held out his hand. "This is good of you, Dr. Prescott," he said. "Thank you for coming to an old man."

Though it was quite dark, he sat in a wheel-chair before the fire with no lamps to lighten the deepening twilight. He looked lonely.

"I am very glad to be able to come," Katherine said. "It was just that this first day was such a rushing one, and I . . ."

He dismissed the half apology as though it were of no consequence. "Sit down, Dr. Prescott. Here, by the fire. I hope you enjoy the twilight, too. Perhaps you will be good enough to pour out tea for us when Wilson brings it in."

She should have been quite melted by that gracious, gentle voice. She was annoyed at herself that she could not quite relax. Certainly she was not afraid of this old man. Nor should the fact that he was rich and the grandfather of Eunice Williams bother her—that would be carrying her personal antipathy to Eunice too far. Yet she found herself waiting. Why bring her here?

"You are enjoying the hospital, I hope?"

"Oh, very much. Of course, I have worked only one day, but everyone is kind and I love my work."

"And do it well, I'm sure." Lucien Whitney smiled. "You see, I know considerably more about you than you realise, Dr. Prescott."

"Indeed?" Again that feeling of watchfulness. And why did he know more about her than she realised?

"Yes. I know Dr. Akers at your University, and he told me a great deal about your work. He predicts a brilliant future for you."

"That is good of him."

"Merely accurate, I should say. Your whole record shows great promise. The Myers Prize is not easily won."

That had been in her junior year. Dr. Akers must have given him her life history.

"But then," he continued easily, "the daughter of Carlton Prescott should be able to hold her own in medical work."

He went on, saying things that reached far back into the early years of her life. The assurance with which he spoke, more than the words he said, told her that there was little indeed that this man did not know about her before she came to the hospital.

"The daughter of Carlton Prescott," he was saying, "would have a natural aptitude for medicine. I count a great deal on that."

Kay busied herself with the tea things, which Wilson had brought in. Heavy, ornate silver, of course. She would not let mention of her beloved father bring the stinging tears to her eyes. This astonishing old man knew that her father had been her whole life until that dreadful day when, just as she started her medical training, he had died. He knew, too, the reputation her father had earned.

"I hope I won't disappoint you, Mr Whitney," she said matter-of-factly, "though it isn't easy to live up to my father's record."

"Of course it is not. Yet you will do it. I plan to push you along, you know."

"You are very kind." Why did she feel this disquiet, as though they were fencers seeking for advantage?

"No. Merely a good judge of people." There was certainly nothing sinister about his chuckle. "How," he said directly, "would you like to be in charge of all the laboratories? I feel that they should be combined, co-ordinated into one large unit, and we shall need someone capable of doing that."

Katherine looked at him, an eyebrow raised not so much in surprise as in scepticism. "Oh, I couldn't possibly. It wouldn't do for me to precede Tom, you know. He's the very man you want."

"Dr. Andrews is an able man, a very able man. I have plans for him, too. But scarcely in this connection, I think."

"I am sorry. Really, I am. I should not feel qualified even if there was not the question of Dr. Andrews."

He smiled faintly into the fire. "There speaks a pretty modesty. But scarcely one befitting Carlton Prescott's daughter, I think. Your father would not have been afraid to tackle any job, however difficult."

"No, probably not, if that were all. He would refuse to supersede his best friend."

Lucien Whitney nodded. "I expect you are right about that," he said. "Yes, probably you are. Do try the scones. We have a Scotch chef—quite the best I've ever had—and he does them well."

"They say men do make the best cooks," she said. "As a matter of fact, they say men make about the best everything. I'm afraid it's a man's world."

"Now, Dr. Prescott, I'm afraid you and I are going to disagree. I certainly don't believe that, really I don't."

"No. Theoretically not, perhaps."

"But practically . . . well, how about the Women's Clinic at Farnsworth? I've staffed that from top to bottom with women, haven't I? I'm afraid you're a cynic."

"So you own the Women's Clinic!" She did not try to hide her surprise. It was one of the very best private clinics for women in the country. The very name demanded professional respect. "You run it?"

"Oh, behind the scenes in a sort of way," he said. "But it's getting too much for me, I'm afraid. You see" — he touched a twisted leg humorously — "this doesn't get any better as I get older. Each year I seem to get a little more tired."

Kay said nothing. There was little of comfort that she could say. He was old. Assuredly each year would bring less and less of physical wellbeing for him.

Please turn to page 12

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Modern Torch-Bearer

Here amidst the din and smoke of a vast annexe, invasion barges are taking shape. Soon they will be nosing through the Pacific towards enemy-held bases up north.

A welder, clad in overalls and heavy leather gauntlets, is fusing metal to metal; molten steel glows redly under the terrific heat of an electric arc; she holds a shield to protect her eyes from the blinding glare. This competent "tradesman" is a woman; a modern Joan of Arc whose sword is a Torch of Victory.

There are thousands of Australian women doing jobs like this. Their pretty hair is tucked away beneath caps and scarves, their faces are smudged, their hands are chipped and grimy. They haven't much time for glamour.

But under it all, they still love flower-hats, silk frocks, pretty bracelets, perfumes with French names; and all the other artful aids of femininity.

May the time come soon when they can be themselves again —the sweethearts, wives and mothers of the race.

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TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

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New French Legation opens in Federal Capital

IN THE GARDEN of the new French Legation at Canberra, the caretaker, M. Arnould, his wife and children, work hard in preparation for the opening.

M. ROGER MONMAYOU, Charge d'Affaires, in his office at the new French Legation in Canberra. He is dictating to one of the two women secretaries, Mlle Marie de Preville.

Staff of ten headed by a tall, dark, handsome bachelor

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

For the first time since the establishment of Australia's Federal Capital, the French Tricolor flies officially in the diplomatic quarter on Mugga Way, Canberra, for the opening of the French Legation office on November 9.

In preparation for the opening, all hands turned to in the garden. When we called fairly early in the morning we found the resident caretaker and his whole family—Edgar Arnould, his wife, and six children, including two-year-old Michael, still in his long nightgown, busy with spades, hoes, and rakes.

THE offices are in an attractive red-brick house, formerly the residence of the late Mr. G. H. Monahan, Clerk of the Senate. The house is opposite the Chinese Legation.

A few days before the opening the Legation had not been able to obtain a flagpole on which to fly a tricolor, but it was hoped to obtain one second-hand, as was done by the Dutch Legation.

The Legation staff will consist of ten members.

The name of the Minister Plenipotentiary is expected to be announced shortly by the French Government in Paris.

In the meantime the First Secretary and Charge d'Affaires, M. Roger Monmayou, is in charge of the Legation.

Roger Monmayou is tall, dark, handsome, and single. The girls in Canberra think he bears a marked resemblance to Charles Boyer.

He has been 12 years in the diplomatic service, escaped from France to Algiers in 1941, and has since been in South America and U.S.A.

His parents and sister, he believes, are still at their home in Bordeaux, but he has had no news of them yet, though he hopes that now France is liberated he may have letters soon.

His father is a physician, and his mother comes from the Basque country in the south of France.

From his mother's people he learned the well-known Basque game Pelote Basque, a strenuous game played with a mesh bat called a chistera.

He is doubtful whether he can introduce the game in Canberra, as it requires a specially built wall, but he hopes to indulge in his favorite pastimes of riding and shooting.

On arrival in Australia three months ago M. Monmayou renewed acquaintance with Sir Ronald Cross, the British High Commissioner, whom he had last met at lunch on the Maginot Line before the fall of France.

Sir Ronald was British Minister for Economic Warfare, and M. Monmayou private secretary to the French Minister for Economic Warfare.

On that day the fall of France seemed certain, but the Frenchman was still confident in his country, and bet Sir Ronald they would dine together at the Hotel Ritz in Paris in November, 1944.

"As we are both a long way from Paris, unfortunately, I cannot collect my bet," said M. Monmayou.

In the Minister's office the pictures include a painting of General De Gaulle, also a reproduction of Marshal Foch, painted in France in 1916 by Sir William Orpen.

M. Monmayou pointed out proudly an etching of Rouget de Lisle singing his composition, "La Marseillaise." A print of this hangs in the Louvre in Paris.

Near the De Gaulle picture is Kipling's poem, "France," first published in June, 1913, hand-printed on parchment, and framed.

The main decoration in the office of the Second Secretary, M. Robert Chaulet, is a large map of the Metropolitan Paris underground railway, a nostalgic sight for all Frenchmen and for all foreigners who know and love Paris.

Tall, good-looking Mlle Marie Madeleine de Preville, secretary, was born in the New Hebrides, and is one of a family of 12 children, who, since the war, are scattered all over the world, some in Paris, others in North Africa.

She worked in a Government office in Noumea for five years before coming to Australia three years ago.

Secretary from Noumea

PETITE, pretty Mlle Gaetane Pesnel, the archivist, was born in the New Hebrides, later lived in Noumea, and came to Australia three years ago. She went to school at a convent in Sydney, then learned shorthand and typing.

She has two sisters in Australia, one married, and a small brother still in New Caledonia with her mother.

Other members of the Legation staff are the Military Attache, Colonel Renucci; the Naval Attache, Capitaine de Corvette Andre Kervella; the Commercial Attache, Boris Eliacheff; and the Assistant Commercial Attache, M. Monjauze.

Edgar Arnould, the resident caretaker, is a last-war veteran.

He enlisted in the Battalion Pacifique, was four years in France, and fought in the Battle of Verdun.

He was twice wounded, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre, Croix de Combatant, and Medaille Militaire.

Until he brought his wife and family to Australia, M. Arnould worked in a big nickel mine in New Caledonia.

Their eldest son, Jean, aged 18, was killed in Italy in May this year fighting with the Free French Army.

Arnould's English is still not very fluent, so he told his story with the aid of the third youngest of his six children, Ariane, who is still at school.

The eldest daughter, Yvette, stays home to help her mother, and Henriette expects to leave soon for North Africa as a member of the French Women's Army, equivalent of the A.W.A.S.

Andre, now the eldest son, is at present helping at the Legation.

Ariane and Jeannine go to school in Canberra. They have taught their schoolmates to speak quite a lot of French while improving their own English. They have also taught their schoolmates French songs, such as "Claire de Lune" and "Frere Jacques."

The whole family from two-year-old Michael upwards are entranced with the kookaburra. His name has a charming lilt when spoken by these brown-eyed French youngsters.

They were first introduced to him when Mme Arnould found a kookaburra attempting the assassination of a goldfish in the lily pond.

FRENCH FLAG, to fly this week for first time on Mugga Way, Canberra, is folded by Mlles de Preville and Pesnel, the two women secretaries of the French Legation.

YVETTE ARNOULD, one of the caretaker's pretty daughters, in the garden. M. Arnould is a veteran of the last war.

MLLE GAETANE PESNEL, secretary and archivist of the French Legation, unpacking files in her office. She has been in Australia for three years.

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Editorial

NOVEMBER 11, 1944

TROUBLE IN CHINA

EVERYWHERE except in China the war is going well.

Since the American landing in the Philippines, Tokio radio has admitted openly the possibility of landings in Japan itself.

In Holland, and along the Russian border, the Allies are pressing forward.

But in China, the Japanese have occupied the important city of Kweilin.

The U.S. Air Force has been forced to withdraw from this base.

Owing to personal differences with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, General Stilwell, America's top military man in South-east Asia, had suddenly to be sent home.

Monetary inflation in China proceeds apace, so that the ordinary man finds his purchasing power quickly disappearing.

A certain amount of China's trouble has been unavoidable — a direct result of the devastation of war.

But the Stilwell affair has lifted the lid off a highly unsavory situation of another sort.

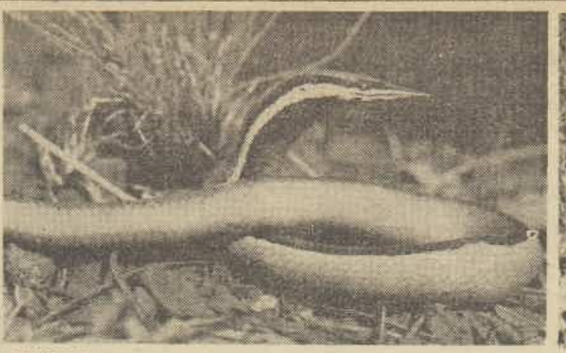
Chiang Kai-shek's government has become strongly Fascist.

Devastation of towns and buildings can be repaired, and, although the dead cannot be recalled to life, the impact of war gives the survivors a strong impulse to build up a stronger and fuller national life.

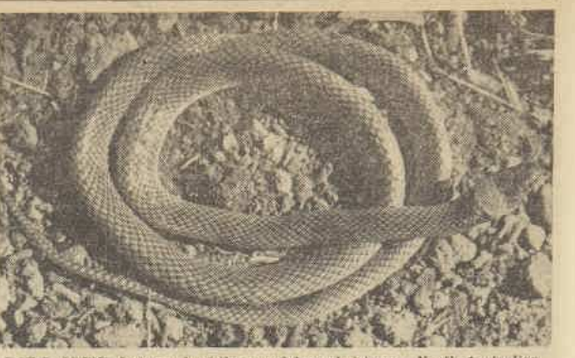
But once the cancer of Fascism enters into a country, it poisons all peaceful and constructive aspirations at their source.

The main thing, at the moment, is that the public of the democratic countries should be fully informed of the position.

The spotlight of publicity will prepare the way for some more direct approach to this urgent problem.



PHOTOGRAPH sent to the Australian Museum, Sydney, by LAC N. R. Laird, R.A.A.F., of the lialis burtonis (Burton's legless lizard), found in Australia and New Guinea, and often mistaken for a snake.



LAC LAIRD'S photograph of the pseudelaps christearus, North Australian type of whipsnake. Species is rare, and until Laird's discovery was known from three specimens only.

Troops turn naturalist—some "send 'em home alive"

By VICKI ANDERSON

IF you haven't yet suspected the Australian serviceman of being an ardent naturalist who can work up as much excitement over a butterfly as a bazooka, then the scientific staff of the Australian Museum, Sydney, can take pleasure in informing you on the point.

Throughout the South-west Pacific a new army of servicemen naturalists — generals, privates, admirals, and ordinary seamen—is engaged in between or even during fighting, on an all-embracing study of flora, fauna, and sea-life.

Once unable to pick an alligator from a crocodile, the budding naturalists now nonchalantly refer to the lialis burtonis (legless lizard to you) in lengthy communiques with the Museum staff, or dash off a note: "Am sending you a specimen of the pseudelaps christearus" (whipsnake variety).

Many New Guinea troops, seized with a Frank Buckish fervor in bringing 'em back alive, scour jungle and swamp for rare specimens, despatching them per bootbox, bottle, or bully-beef can to the Museum for identification.

Receipt of these surprise packets is anything but a dull business for the scientific staff, as witness the day the postman deposited an innocent bootbox-looking parcel on a staff desk and went off whistling cheerfully on his way.

Dangerous cargo

STRIPPING the box of its wrappings, a staff member lifted the broken lid, then shot it back home again. Inside were two dazed but very much alive death adders.

"Ammunition" consignments like these, however, are fortunately rare, and the Museum staff tackles them as philosophically as it attacks, minus gas-masks, the decomposed cargoes which frequently penetrate the mail.

The staff, a team of world-renowned experts, each tops in his own particular field, deems it a pleasure and privilege to encourage the enthusiasm of the servicemen naturalists in every way.

As well as answering a heavy mail of inquiries from all parts of the South-west Pacific, the experts identify specimens sent in, returning the desired information with sheets of data and pamphlets.

"From the letters we receive from the boys, it is obvious that in the study of nature they are finding an excellent form of relaxation and relief from the strain of battle," said Mr. J. R. Kinghorn, authority on birds and reptiles, and assistant to the Director of the Museum.

On meeting many of the naturalists on leave, Mr. Kinghorn was surprised to learn that few of them previously were students of nature.

"Outwardly they're typical, tough, battle-hardened Diggers, but inwardly they're the same softies who would make short work of anyone who dared disturb young birds in a nest not far from a gun-pit or tent."

In encouraging the servicemen naturalists, the Museum has been the richer, for specimens rare to

CORPORAL F. FAUVEL, of North Brighton, Vic., with his pet mopoke, in New Guinea.

science are being found, and excellent field-notes compiled on South-west Pacific reptiles, birds, mammals, and insects.

Not long ago a new species of ribbon-tailed Bird of Paradise was discovered by Australian infantry high in the New Guinea ranges, and the troops are now keenly searching for further specimens.

Gunner Mascord, of Sydney, who has seen service in Libya, Greece, and Crete, contributed valuable notes and drawings on snakes in New Guinea.

It was through Mascord's observations that the ten-footer taipan, most venomous snake in this part of the world, was discovered in the Moresby district. Previously it was known only from the Fly River estuary and the northern part of Australia.

Gunners at a Pacific post were wildly excited when they received word from the Museum that the crushed head and skin of a small snake they had despatched were considered to belong to a rare species.

For weeks they hunted feverishly round their area for a perfect specimen, and eventually advised the Museum that one was on its way. This, unfortunately, was lost in transit, so now the hunt has begun afresh.

A well-known naval man has supplied the Museum with reams of interesting data on sea birds.

Extraordinarily enough, many of the compiled lists of species of birds sent to Mr. Kinghorn have been observed by troops during hazardous jungle patrols near enemy lines.

"If anyone needs further proof of the superiority of the Australian soldier as a jungle fighter, this is it," said Mr. Kinghorn.

Lesson from spider

A MAN who can make a mental note of creatures seen during a reconnaissance is obviously a highly trained observer, who misses nothing and is able to associate unusual actions of birds with some movement of a nearby enemy patrol."

From studying wild creatures in their natural habitat, the troops add to their knowledge of concealment and camouflage, learning the art of "freezing" and making the best use of shadow and highlight.

An ack-ack gunner devised a method of speedily releasing the nets covering his gun by watching the opening and closing of the lid of a trap-door spider's nest near his gun-pit.

American forces, according to Mr. Kinghorn, also number many keen naturalists in their ranks, who correspond with and collect for the Museum.

In addition to assisting servicemen naturalists, the staff of the Australian Museum is doing an important job, helping the U.S. Typhus Commission in the South-west Pacific to track down carriers of scrub typhus.

Specimens of known and suspected carriers — lizards, ground birds, and furred animals—are sent to the Museum experts by the Commission for identification.

In a busy working day, the Australian Museum staff would not consider their day complete unless they had received telephone inquiries from:

(a) Someone wanting an argument settled on which heavy bets were made;

(b) A cross-word puzzle hound seeking the correct four-lettered word;

(c) Naturalist inquirers who have worked themselves into a pitch of excitement on such questions as "Are moths musically minded?"

Occasionally the experts are stumped. Mr. K. C. McKeown, insect and arachnid authority, admits to this one.

Telephoning him one day, a lady in breathless excitement asked: "Could you tell me the name of an insect I've just found. I'm sure it's that kind that is spelt with a 'B' and has about 11 letters?"

Mr. McKeown gulped, then patiently asked:

"Yes, Madam, but what does it look like?"

"What does it look like?" cried the lady in surprise, "why, it looks like—like any other insect, I guess, only MORE so," she added firmly.

Interesting People

G/CAPT. B. EATON

. . . Kittyhawk wing.

ONE of best-known fighter-pilots in R.A.A.F., Group-Captain Brian Eaton, D.S.O., D.F.C., of Canterbury, Victoria, has been appointed to command of famous Australian Kittyhawk fighter-bomber wing which won renown in desert and Italy. Served with fighter sector at Darwin, joined Kittyhawks at Tripoli. On three occasions in Africa had to make forced landings and walk back to British lines.

MISS DOROTHY HELMRICH

. . . encouragement of arts.

PRESIDENT of Australian Council for Encouragement of Music and Arts, newly formed in Sydney, well-known singer Dorothy Helmrich has been actively interested in establishing movement, which was formed by amalgamation of Encouragement of Art Movement and Country Art Movement. Aim is to encourage city and country amateur talent in arts, to send painting exhibitions and best talent in other arts throughout the country. First activity is festival in Sydney, November 30.

SUPT. A. V. STRETTON

. . . Police Chief, N.T.

POLICE Chief in Northern Territory, Superintendent A. V. Stretton, controls district of more than half-million miles. Born at Borroloola, Gulf of Carpentaria, he joined N.T. Police 34 years ago. Has been superintendent since 1935. Says: "We could not carry on in district without loyal support of aborigines." Wartime staff comprises 35 white police, 36 black trackers. Department has 400 horses, 30 camels, numerous pack-mules. One patrol often covers 1000 miles, takes seven to eight weeks.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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Wran range-markers help train naval gunners

PIN-UPS cover the wall in the recreation room of these Wrans at Flinders. From left: B. Smart, B. Worcester, M. Stanger (at back), G. Preston, T. Menere, M. Geyer (all of Victoria) and E. Weeden, S.A.

LOOKOUT. Marjorie Stanger (Vic.), wearing oilskins and sou'wester, keeps a lookout for the boat which comes across from the depot to pick up the Wran range-markers.

Girls would not change their unusual job for that of a commodore

By BETTY NESBIT

Twelve Wrans who are range-markers on the rifle-range at Flinders Naval Depot have an unusual job which they wouldn't swap for that of a commodore.

On a visit to Flinders Naval Depot, I went over to the range to see them at their work, which is highly important, for it helps to train recruits in the Navy in rifle shooting.

THESE girls work on an island opposite the depot, and travel across each day in a boat which has been named Wrans Ferry.

They reach the rifle-range at 8.30 a.m. and work until 5 p.m.

It's a hale and hearty out-of-doors life for them, and their glowing color and sturdy figures are sufficient evidence of how they thrive on it.

Flinders knows them as the "sou'wester girls," because they are issued with sou'-westers, oilskins, seaboots, and seaboot stockings. They also receive an extra jumper.

The first issue of oilskins caused plenty of amusement at the depot. Only men's sizes were available and even the smallest oilskins were outsize for the girls.

Their gunnery officer, Commissioned-Gunner B. A. J. Rouse, R.A.N., told me, "All you could see was oilskins moving along, apparently of their own volition, as legs or feet were not visible."

Later they received coats of the right size.

The gunnery Wrans are divided into three categories — range-markers, dome - operators, and gunnery-writers.

Of the range-markers, five work in the butts, which is the section of the rifle-range behind the targets. They raise and lower the double targets to be fired at; mark, spot, and patch.

Smooth and efficient

MARKING is indicating to the firing-squad where the first shot landed. This shows the gunner his aim. It is done with a circle of black metal on the end of a stick.

Patching is placing paper on the holes shot in the target.

Spotting the target is placing a rounded piece of wood into the hole made by the bullet if it hits the bull.

The girls carry out these actions automatically during a shoot, working smoothly and efficiently.

Most necessary qualifications for the work are keenness of eye and quickness of movement.

PATCHING. Sybil Hollier patches up a target after a shoot. The bullet-holes are covered with paper.

At the other end of the rifle-range, the firing end, there is also a Wran at work. She is known as the register keeper, and her job is keeping the score for the gunners.

One of these girls, Leading-Wran Betty Smart, of Perth, W.A., used to be a shop-assistant.

"But I won't have to be one again when the war is over. I'm going to be a housewife," she said.

Her husband, A.B. Stan Smart, has been in the Navy for two years. They had known each other in Perth, which was also his home-town, and met again at Flinders when he came ashore to do a torpedo course.

The gunnery Wrans have to be able to take all small arms to pieces, repair and clean them. They also know how to fill magazines and belts.

RANGE HAND Marie Geyer waves red flag to indicate that trainee has missed target. Thelma Menere (right) marks the target.

They all went through a gunnery course and are as proficient shots as most of the men. When the trainee gunners come up to examine the targets and see how wide their shots went, the Wrans can always give them good advice for the next shot.

Special quarters have been built for range-markers in a sunny hollow on the island.

If it's pin-up girls anyone wants to see, then he should pay a visit to the Wrans' mess, where hundreds of pictures adorn the walls.

Few men are featured in the gallery, but there are several rows of pictures of babies.

The girls are always adding homely touches to the mess. They made curtains of dyed hessian appliqued with scraps of colored material.

Ratings built the girls a seat of tea-tree wood in the sunniest spot outside the quarters.

One romance has bloomed as a result of the Wrans' journey across the water each day to the rifle-range.

Wran Sybil Hollier, Victoria, became engaged to A.B. Percy James. He was coxswain of the boat in which the Wrans travelled.

Other gunnery Wrans are known as dome-operators. These girls are serving in various parts of the Commonwealth, but were all originally trained at the depot.

Dome-operators are entirely responsible for the projection of the films used in the teaching of anti-aircraft gunnery.

The training course takes eight weeks.

At the end of it, as well as knowing how to project the films, the Wrans must know how to oil, repair, and splice film and replace damaged parts in the machinery.

Only Wran gunnery writer at the depot is Wran Romer James, of Victoria, who has been in the Service for nine months.

Dark-haired Second-Officer Mary Butler is O.C. of the Wrans at Flinders, the largest Wran establishment in Australia.

Formerly an escorting officer with the Victorian Tourist Bureau, Second-Officer Butler was in the first W.R.A.N.S. officers' training course.

The establishment consists of 90 cooks, who work in all the ten galleys at Flinders, 70 writers, 90 stewardesses. There are also sick-berth attendants, supply assistants, and one draughtswoman, a gunnery writer, range-markers, and dome-operators.

ON OUR COVER

Hope supports appeal

Bob Hope's diminutive companion on our cover this week, four-year-old Elaine Morris, of Matraville, was remembered by the famous film comedian in a cable to the campaign director of the Furlough House Appeal (Mr. Jack Lester) last week.

ELAINE is one of six children of Gunner and Mrs. John Morris, of Matraville, N.S.W.

She met Bob and was photographed with him during his visit to Sydney when the popular film comedian became interested in and pledged his support for the Furlough House scheme of providing free annual holidays for needy families of Australian servicemen, at Orange and Narrabeen, N.S.W.

Elaine's family is among the 25,000 families who have enjoyed holidays at Furlough House, Orange, since 1942.

In the cable asking for progress results of the present appeal to raise £150,000 for Furlough House, including a special Bob Hope wing, the star wrote:

Vitally interested in the progress for the wing and entire Furlough House appeal. How is it going, Jack? Give all my Sydney friends my blessing, and ask them to plug it hard for me. It's a great cause. Love to little Elaine Morris.—BOB.

The Furlough House Appeal, which plans to provide extensions and improvement to the existing holiday homes, as well as establishing a new one, will be officially launched at a public meeting to be called by the Lord Mayor of Sydney (Alderman Bartley) on November 10.

Giving her support to the appeal, Miss Marjorie Lawrence stars in a special film, "Voice of a Nation," produced by Mr. Jack Lester, who is also her manager in Australia.

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Too much delay

NOW that the hazards of sea transport have passed I think that the women of Australia should support the suggestion that British and European war orphans be brought out here without further delay.

Time is an important psychological factor, and the sooner the kiddies are established in their new homes the better able they will be to adapt themselves to their new conditions of living.

This, too, will make things easier for the foster-parents who must study and mould the characters of their little charges.

The lives of these youngsters, made happy and healthy in our land, could be the greatest war memorial we could ever hope to build.

£1 to Mrs. Evelyn Langburne, Kalang, Mt. White, via Mooney Mooney, N.S.W.

Spinster taxes

IN a recent broadcast I heard a young man advance the following scheme for solving the population problem:

"That all single persons over 30 should be so heavily taxed so that life without a spouse would be a very undesirable one."

I've heard many reasons why people should marry, but the mercenary one here suggested sounds a degrading one.

Imagine the career woman of tomorrow throwing open her wardrobe door and saying, "I must have a new outfit to impress that business contact, but with these spinster taxes I can't afford it. Oh, well, nothing to do but to get married."

I hope that the politician will also make allowances for the easy dissolving of these marriages of the future.

5/- to Sadie Bishop, 18 Ardrie Rd., East Malvern S.E.5, Vic.

What's on your mind?

Sex education

GOOD for you, Mrs. P. M. Peters (7/10/'44).

Sex education definitely should take place in the home, and should begin when the child is about five years old.

As you say, there are numbers of good books on the subject, and many teachers of psychology who are only too willing to give helpful advice.

The trouble is that there is such a large percentage of parents who are prudish and prejudiced and consider that the old method of bringing children up in complete ignorance of all matters pertaining to sex is right.

Little do they realise that their own ignorance is causing their little ones (whom they profess to love beyond life itself) endless years of mental suffering, which may end in causing sex complexes of various kinds.

5/- to Mrs. G. D. Douglas, Verona, Morven, Qld.

• • •

THE facts of life are discussed so freely in newspapers nowadays that it is almost impossible to keep a child in ignorance long.

What is needed is not so much sex education as a greater sense of responsibility in parents.

The children's entertainment should be supervised. Nights out and week-ends away from home lead to promiscuity among young people.

Parents should exercise their authority instead of taking the line of least resistance, and should not allow boys and girls in their teens to be out at night or away from home without chaperons.

Early moral training should teach a girl to be reserved with men, and then she would not reach that familiar stage where ignorance of the facts of life could harm her.

5/- to Mrs. F. Falconer, cnr. Mann and Beane Sts., Gosford, N.S.W.

Those button days

WHY do button-sellers on patriotic days practically beg servicemen to buy their buttons?

Surely as most of these days are

held in aid of comforts funds or other Service causes, the serviceman should not be "balled up" and his natural generosity traded on.

He's giving his life. It's up to the civilians to give their sixpences for buttons.

5/ to Miss Lilyan Blomquist, c/o Y.W.C.A. Hostel, Hindmarsh Square, Adelaide.

Holiday cabins

AFTER the war, early consideration should be given to the building of holiday cabins within 100 miles from the city. Workers and all people of limited means would then be able to have a good and inexpensive holiday.

The one to four bunk cabins should be reasonably close to railway stations, and be built in healthy, progressive towns where swimming, golf, tennis, and good shopping facilities are to hand.

Shire councils could in some instances control these cabins, and be responsible for cleaning, and handing over the keys to tourists.

Each tourist should be free to go and come, and pay a small fee for the use of the cabins.

5/- to Marie M. Armstrong, Carmona, Bellevue St., Lawson, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?", c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

for your 18th birthday

AND A SHARE IN THE COMING BATTLES!

If you are one of the 60,000 girls who will be 18 this year (or even if you are over 18) your chance has come to enlist in the A.W.A.S. or—if you prefer—in the A.A.M.W.S. You are needed in the supreme effort to smash Japan utterly and finally—to back up the gallant efforts of Australia's front-line soldiers. The Army offers you a really wonderful opportunity, a healthy, active life, attractive pay and conditions. JOIN THE

A.W.A.S. or A.A.M.W.S.

Apply to the nearest Army Women's Recruiting Depot or your local area office.

You will be given sound technical training which will help you after the war.

Continuing . . . Dr. Clay's Wife

LUCIEN Whitney continued: "I find myself with a thorough respect for your intelligence, Dr. Prescott. Most young physicians would have told me heartily that I am as young as I feel. Well, I feel eighty, and I almost am. And I do need help at the Women's Clinic. A general superintendent."

"I should think one would be able to take most of the responsibility from your shoulders, Mr. Whitney," she said.

He sighed. "But try to find a good one! Try to find a woman whose whole heart and soul are in her work. That's the old-fashioned expression, isn't it? And yet it says exactly what I mean. Whole heart and soul."

Then he wheeled away from the fire toward which he had been turned most of the time as he talked, giving Kay the impression that he was merely musing aloud. He faced her. He spoke very directly.

"Dr. Prescott, I should like to have you for that superintendent. Will you take it?"

"Oh, you're not serious!"

"Indeed I am. I assure you I never have been more serious."

"But I couldn't, Mr. Whitney. Even if I were qualified, even if I were trained for that sort of thing, I couldn't . . ."

"Oh, come now! Suppose you let me be the judge of your qualifications. There is an efficient staff there. You would have good assistance, and plenty of it. As for the salary . . . there would be no real limit to that. You would start at Owen's figure, and there would be automatic increments. Even a share in the clinic if you wished." Was there an overtone of eagerness?

Katherine put down her teacup and searched his face. She sat back in her chair and looked into the fire, not answering him. Somewhere an inner bell of warning had rung. Every sense was alert. Mr. Lucien Whitney was going much too fast.

"Mr. Whitney," she said slowly, "just why are you offering this to me?"

He laughed. "How sober you are, child. I am offering it to you because I have faith in your ability. Oh, I've investigated you very thoroughly! And I do need help at the Women's Clinic."

"It is a very flattering offer," Katherine said.

"Only fair. Only fair. I should expect much of you. I should, of course, give generously in return. But I expect much. There is only one drawback."

"This is it," thought Katherine. She did not allow herself to think of what being superintendent of the Women's Clinic would mean in prestige, in work. A chance for all that was good in medicine. It would take her out of town, away from all this business of David and Eunice Williams and . . . somewhere that phrase repeated itself over and over. It would take her out of town!

"And that is?" she asked. "Though it is difficult to think of any drawback in connection with the Women's Clinic."

He bowed with a courtly grace that was odd in a man in a wheel-chair. "Thank you. The only drawback is —that my superintendent has to give her full time to her work. She must, of course, be a physician. Also, she must be a single woman."

from page 7

Katherine nodded, relaxing. He had been fooling, just drawing her on. "Oh, really? I suppose they would be more . . . well, more single-minded, wouldn't they?"

"We are talking about you, Dr. Prescott. Not any hypothetical 'they'."

She smiled. "I'm sorry. I thought you knew. I am married. Dr. Clay and I were married last week."

There was a silence in the room—a silence that lengthened and was painful. Lucien Whitney said nothing, but in the flickering shadows of the deepening twilight he was looking at her steadily. Finally he said: "That is not entirely an irreparable state of affairs, is it, Dr. Prescott?"

Katherine sat staring at him, scarcely daring to believe her ears. She did not reply. He leaned forward until he almost touched her and said softly again, in that gently appealing voice, "Is it, Dr. Prescott?"

She looked him full in the face. The firelight was shining on it now and for the first time she saw Lucien Whitney's eyes, which up to now had been in shadow.

As she saw them she knew that this was no gentle, appealing old man. There was in him neither courtliness nor chivalry, nor anything of consideration. His eyes were the pale and emotionless eyes of an eagle, and as cold and relentless. Gentleness was only the hood that he wore until he was ready to unveil those merciless demanding eyes.

"Why, this despicable old vulture is trying to break up my marriage to David," she thought, for an instant forgetting that she already had told David that it would have to be broken. Then she remembered.

SHE rose decisively. "Thank you for the tea, Mr. Whitney. After this, I shall be in my office when you wish to see me."

"You will not consider my offers? They will be very good ones financially."

"I am sure they would." She did not try to conceal her contempt. "There are, unfortunately, some things that money can't buy."

"You have not answered me, Dr. Prescott."

"I think I have," she said disdainfully. Without saying anything further she walked out of the room and away from the infuriated eagle eyes which followed her.

As she reached the first floor Eunice Williams came out of the library. "Oh, Dr. Prescott, how nice to see you!" she said, almost gaily. "Do come in for a few minutes. I was wondering whether . . ."

"I am sure you were," Katherine said. And walked out the front door without a backward glance. She was so angry that she was trembling. "How dared he!"

She tried to laugh, but she could not. There was nothing at all funny about Lucien Whitney nor his granddaughter.

A car drew up to the kerb.

"Want a lift, lady?"

It was Tom. He opened the door in high spirits—assumed or real, she did not know. Then very quickly he said: "What's up?"

"Nothing," she said. "Take me home, Tom. But don't talk."

He drove silently for a while, expertly weaving his way through the heavy evening traffic. "Did Lucien Whitney or Eunice . . ."

"Just tried to bribe me to divorce David," Katherine said. She laughed.

"Stop that!" Tom recognised the flare of hysteria which threatened. "He can't bother you two. Forget him." From his extensive vocabulary Tom went on muttering under his breath.

"No. He can't. Because it's already been done. Eunice saw to that. But I'll die before I let him know it."

He took that in silence. Then he said, "Do you want to tell me more, Kay?"

"No. Just let it go at that." She did not need to ask him not to gossip.

Much later that night she faced David. "I don't think I'll go to the train with you, if you don't mind."

He went on packing his bag. "You don't need to worry," he said coolly. "I won't let you down again. I'll carry on the pretence. And I do think you ought to go. Unless you want to cause a lot more gossip. You wouldn't like that. It's up to you, of course."

He had known how to flick her on the raw. The mention of the gossip. "I'll go," she said.

They had no time for further talk. Somehow she managed that awful twenty-minute ride to the station. Neither David nor she, sandwiched in a carload from the hospital, could exchange a single word that mattered.

At the station it was even worse. Half the hospital staff and a large group of David's other friends were there. They pounced on him hilariously.

"Here, Captain, my Captain."

"Democracy is saved!"

"Better look out, Dr. Prescott. The girls like uniforms, you know. Wait till he gets into khaki!"

David took their joking with his usual ease. "Just wait till bombs are bursting in the air and then see how you talk, you slackers!" he retorted.

Just as the train came in Eunice Williams and two of her satellites hurried up.

"Hello, Eunice," David said casually, almost indifferently. "Just in time for the last farewells." He turned to Katherine. "Well, I must go, I suppose, Kay."

Eunice, with charming disregard for everyone else, made her way through the crowd. "Oh, David, how are we going to get on without you!" She grasped the lapels and all but threw her arms round his neck.

David deliberately put his two hands over hers and detached them from his lapels. He placed them together, one over the other, firmly. He gave them an infuriating paternal pat, as one might do to a naughty or rather tiresome child.

"Remember, I'm an old and happily married man. You'll have to struggle along, my child, at your games."

He turned again to Kay. He said in a voice that was low but penetratingly clear, calculated to be heard within their little group. "Good-bye, Missus." He took her in his arms and kissed her. "Bye everyone. Be a good gal, Kay, darling!"

His porter was signalling frantically. He ran for his train. They watched him wave from the window, a pall of silence settling over their hilarity.

"A fine chap," someone said.

"A very fine chap," Tom corrected

Please turn to page 14

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

NOVEMBER 7 can be deceptively helpful for many people. November 8 can be positively disruptive, especially for people born under the signs Scorpio, Taurus, Aquarius, and Leo.

All these groups will be wise to live quietly and avoid important enterprises or changes.

However, Scorpions, Cancerians, and Piscean and a good many Virgoans and Capricornians are likely to enjoy improved conditions and happiness on November 10 and 11. Scorpions, Piscean, and Virgoans should also be fortunate on November 12.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): November 7 (forenoon and evening) may be helpful. Use the time wisely, but don't be rash. November 8, 12, 13, and 14 (early) poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware false tokens of fortune now, for losses, opposition, disappointment, and partings are probable, especially on November 7, 8, 9, 11 (forenoon) and 14. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Moderate gains possible on November 12 (except between 8 p.m. and 10 p.m.). November 13 (evening) and November 14 (dawn) fair, too.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): November 7 (forenoon and evening) can be helpful, so work constructively then. November 10 (evening) fair. November 11 (dawn to 8 a.m., and late evening) good, but forenoon poor. November 14 (p.m. hours) fair. Moderate progress possible now, with hard work.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be on guard on November 8, for difficulties can abound to 4 p.m.; dusk better, but unreliable. November 7 (forenoon and evening) decipherely helpful. Take no risks, avoid changes. November 9 and 14 poor.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Modest benefits and pleasures possible on November 7 (forenoon and evening), November 10 (sunrise and evening), November 11 (dawn to 8 a.m., and after 10 p.m.), and November 12 (to dusk and after 10 p.m.).

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Slightly helpful conditions for you now, if hard work and wisdom are allied to practical plans. November 7 (forenoon and evening) good; November 11 (after 9 p.m.) fair. November 12 (to dusk and after 10 p.m.) good; November 13 (evening) fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23). Opportunities likely now, but work hard along constructive lines. November 7 tricky. November 8 adverse. November 10 (sun-up and evening hours) fair. November 11 (early morning and evening hours) good; forenoon poor. November 12 (to 8 p.m., and after 10 p.m.) very good, but 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. poor. Best gains.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): November 7 and 8 can be pleasing; also November 12 (to 8 p.m. and after 10 p.m.) and November 13 (8 to 10 p.m.).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Semi-important changes and gains possible on November 10 (before 9 a.m. or after 6 p.m.), and November 11. Rest of week poor. Routine best.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): A time for caution and wisdom. November 7 tricky; avoid changes then. November 8 definitely adverse and obstructive. Live quietly. November 9 (early morning) adverse. November 10, 11, 12, and 14 all tricky. Routine strongly advised.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): November 7 (forenoon and evening) fair. November 9 to 11 tricky. November 12 (to 8 p.m. and after 10 p.m.), November 13 (8 p.m. to 10 p.m.), and November 14 all helpful. Start new enterprises, work very hard.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead

"Him? Oh, I gave him the air on account of absenteeism. He stopped showing up for dates."

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has lost **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, who is now champion wrestler of the world. Both Mandrake and Princess Narda felt Lothar was now too important to be a servant. Lothar's manager, Sharpy, installs Lothar in a big house with servants, and takes him to an important dinner-party.

At the dinner Lothar and Sharpy hear stories of a sensational new wrestler, The Grizzly, who wants to fight the champion. Meanwhile Mandrake receives a call from a Government agent, who asks the magician to come to Washington and hear details of an important job.

NOW READ ON—

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Action in France described by A.I.F. officer

An A.I.F. officer attached to the Allied invasion forces, who was wounded during the sweep across France, describes the action in a letter to his 10-year-old nephew.

Capt. Les Coleman writes to Kevin Marsh, 100 Kilby Road, East Kew, Vic.:

"THE invasion forces moved in very large convoys, and by the time I landed on the beach quite a large area of the coast was in our hands.

"Apart from some interference from remaining shore batteries and a few enemy bombers, I reached the beach without incident. It was very dark, and our next difficulty was moving through the beach defences and avoiding enemy minefields.

"Once clear of the beach obstacles, the difficulty was to find our way without trespassing into enemy territory. Throughout, all the enemy bombers were dropping very bright flares and illuminating the whole countryside.

"Occasionally our searchlights would catch one of these bombers in their beams, then all Hades would be let loose.

"The warships in the anchorage and all the ground forces would open fire. The German would attempt to twist and turn, but we usually got him in the end, and he would burst into flames.

"My division went into battle the next day, and has remained in action almost continuously ever since.

"Although the Germans have been driven back they have fought very fiercely on our front, and often only surrender when surrounded and out of ammunition.

"When they withdraw they use all sorts of booby-trap devices and minefields. One has to be very careful. A harmless piece of wire or an abandoned water-bottle if touched may cause a terrific explosion, which can kill many, and do a great deal of damage to our equipment.

"The R.A.F. are always at hand to help us, and when suitable targets are available we put them to work.

"It is an inspiring sight to see large numbers of bombers and rocket-firing fighters giving direct support.

"About a fortnight ago I went out on patrol in a scout car to try to find out to what extent the enemy had withdrawn. As far as I was concerned he hadn't, and I received a wound in the shoulder.

"So I'm back in hospital in England at present. I expect to be out and about in a day or two, then back for the final stages."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

OUTSIDE THEIR TENTS in camp near Alice Springs. Standing, left to right, Dvrs. D. Williams (Moeman, N.S.W.), George Laver (Prospect, S.A.), L.-Cpl. Col. Watchman (Blackwood, S.A.), Dvr. Keith Zacker (Adelaide). Front: Dvrs. George (Crookwell, N.S.W.), Jim Butt (Toowoomba, Qld.).

STEAKS ON STICKS, cooked in the open, provide al fresco meal for members of the A.I.F. somewhere in Australia. Photo sent by Cpl. Jack Jones (left) to his mother in Stonehenge, N.S.W.

FOOTBALL TEAM somewhere in Australia. Photo sent by Pte. T. C. Mitchell, captain of the team, to his sister, Mrs. D. J. Seale, Cargo, N.S.W.

Capt. T. K. Fraser, Oflag 79, to his wife at 147 Victoria Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.:

"I HAD mentioned in the room that my wedding anniversary was approaching, and this morning we drank your health.

"You can imagine my surprise this afternoon when I came back from the gym and found that the chaps in the room had put on a party for me.

"The officer in charge of the cookhouse lives in this room, and he had certainly done me proud.

"This should be the last time we spend our anniversary apart, and next year we will have a proper celebration."

Dr. Clay's Wife

Continued from page 12

KATHERINE said nothing. If she could only cry. If she could feel that this was merely David going away to a camp and that he would be back for week-ends, on leave. If she could rid herself of that feeling the train was taking him out of her life finally!

As she turned to go she met Eunice Williams face to face. It was apparently a casual glance that passed between them, but it seemed an eternity. Many things were conveyed from one to the other. Katherine turned away first.

"Yes," she said unsteadily, as to answer Tom. "A very fine chap."

She did not need to put into words the decision at which she had arrived. She had been coming inevitably toward it ever since that scene in Lucien Whitney's sitting-room. No matter what the humiliation, the sacrifice of pride, her mind was made up.

"David is too good for her," she said. "Never, so long as I live, will Eunice Williams have him!"

. . . . . .

On Monday morning Katherine entered the laboratory, her pride flying all its banners. The week-end since David's departure had been a ghastly one.

Tom had been out of town, and she had not seen him since Saturday night. He looked up as she entered.

"Ah, the Widow Clay!" he said. "Welcome. Indeed, thrice welcome. We've lots of work waiting. We've got stacks of reports to do."

"And we want those tests p.d.q.," Jane said, coming in from the testing laboratory as she spoke. "Hello, Kay, how goes it?"

"Oh, I rattle round a bit in the house," Kay said cheerfully, "but I expect I'll get over it." What a good actress I am, she thought.

"Why don't you take me in?" Jane said matter-of-factly. "I'm bored to death in my one room, and have been looking for a flat myself. We could get on well together."

"Now that's what I call a good idea," Tom said.

Kay was too surprised at the moment to comment. She knew how Jane felt about David. It was consequently difficult for her to understand the suggestion. She was very certain, had David married Eunice, that she would have never been able to share a flat with her, even had she liked her.

"And I could clear out bag and baggage for week-ends or whenever David gets leave."

Katherine smiled a little wryly. That would prove no difficulty. She considered swiftly. Once she would have thought she preferred to be alone in her house. But that was before this last miserable week-end.

"It would be perfectly lovely to have you, Jane," she said, her mind quickly made up. "If you think we can stand each other's cooking. I've got a woman for the cleaning."

"Well," Jane said practically, "since we'll be splitting expenses perhaps we can afford to pay her to stay on to get dinner. My cooking isn't too good, and I'll bet yours isn't, either. Anyway, we work hard enough here. We can get our own breakfast, and we can stand the hospital meals for lunch. I'm all for keeping the girl to get dinner."

"If she's a good cook," warned Tom. "I'm interested in that, remember. I expect to be invited."

"Oh you do, do you! Sure it's all right with you Kay?"

"It's perfect" Kay said. "We'll move your things to-night."

The more she considered it the better pleased she was with Jane's suggestion. Why Jane wanted to do it she could not fathom.

It proved to be an ideal arrangement.

"This is something like it," Tom said a week later. He seated the two of them and smugly drew his chair up to his first dinner at their house. "I thought you never would invite me, though."

"It would take a tougher hide than either of us has to ignore those delicate hints of yours any longer," Jane told him. "Well or underdone?" She handed him the dish.

"Well done my love?" Tom speared the biggest piece of steak unerringly. "I'm no barbarian and I do know about meat." He grinned his homely but somehow attractive grin. "Had any quarrels?"

"We happen to be civilised, too!"

"You couldn't quarrel with Jane if you wanted to," Kay said, smiling affectionately across the candle-lighted table at her. "She is a paragon, that one. And the things she knows about housekeeping!"

"What do you hear from David?"

"Oh, they kept him only a few days at Niagara. It's just a preliminary centre, I should say. They've sent him on to the base hospital now. He's knee-deep in research already. We're sending him the extract until he gets properly set up."

She did not add that the only letters which had passed between David and herself had been pretty matter-of-fact ones, not much more than hospital reports. They might have been published in the daily paper for all their personal significance.

But that was how she wanted it, she reminded herself. As a matter of fact, she reminded herself of it very frequently during those first few months of David's absence. Gradually, however, she was able to push the whole matter into the back of her consciousness.

She was, fortunately, kept very busy at the hospital. Whether Tom drove her so mercilessly with intention she did not know. She was certain that she had very little time during the day to think of herself, and at night she returned to the house too tired to do much but tumble into bed. The resident staff were constantly being called up and they were short-handed. Much of the extra routine work fell on the laboratories, and Tom was a master at getting it out.

"I may be a weak brother and not be good enough for the Army and Navy," he said grimly, "but what I can do I intend to get done." It was an anomaly that Tom, who could peer into the world of micro-organisms with such clear vision, should have eyes that barred him from the Services.

Katherine, only too glad to work until she no longer felt the compulsion to think, to analyse, worked with him hours on end.

"The perfect slave and the perfect slave driver!" Jane said one night as Kay came in, white and wan from a gruelling day that had extended long past the dinner time. "I've got your dinner in the oven, child. But you've got to stop this. You haven't worked less than fourteen hours a day for weeks. David'll skin me alive for permitting it."

Kay tossed her hat wearily on the hall table and threw her coat on a chair. She collapsed on the settee, too tired to make the effort to get her belated dinner. "At least I don't have time to think," she said, off guard.

Jane sobered. "No," she said. "I suppose it helps. David probably is working up till all hours, too."

Kay smiled thinly, a smile that did not extend past her lips. "Yes, I suppose he is," she said evenly.

Had she not been so tired it might have been amusing. Jane was thinking she had buried herself in her work to keep from missing David. Why, she scarcely gave David a thought.

"You're getting over it," she told herself, grimly. "Good girl, Katherine."

"How are the Addison cases getting on?" Jane went on. "I haven't heard you mention them lately."

"As a matter of fact, I don't see them very often. Matthews is taking care of them, though he's pretty annoyed about having to do it. And he doesn't exactly love me. He's the grumpiest thing. They were fine when I last heard. I check up every morning whether I see them or not. And our experiments are perfect. We won't have to keep them up much longer. David's done it."

That at least she had been able to do. The experimental work had been largely routine, but it had taken more time than either David or she had anticipated.

"I must go in and see them again," she thought. She had taken her reports of the patients for David largely from charts. They had seemed satisfactory enough. And Matthews had been so unpleasant that she had avoided him as much as she could.

She was, consequently, unprepared for Tom when he came into her room the next morning. He was considerably perturbed.

He stood and looked down at her. She looked so thin and little. She sat there, poring through her horn-rimmed glasses over the endless reports. Perhaps he had not been kind to push her so hard, but Tom was a good doctor and he had thought he had known what she needed.

"Trying to get her mind off that mess and all I've done is to tire her out and make her half ill," he thought remorsefully. "Lord, she looks done in . . . I wonder . . ."

"You've got a P.M. coming down, Kay," he said. "Leave those things and I'll get at them later."

She shook her head, not stopping to look up. He tried not to see how thin her hands were as they sped over the typewriter keys.

"It's my stuff and I can do them more easily, Tom. You've never been able to decipher my notes. What's the post-mortem?"

There was an instant before he replied. She looked up expectantly.

"Coming down from T.B.," he said. Then he regretfully added, "One of David's Addison cases."

SHE stared at him, startled. "No! Which one?"

"Mrs. Keller, I'm afraid. She put up a good fight."

"Mrs. Keller?" she repeated incredulously. "But she's been so good! Not a sign of a crisis."

"I know. But those things come suddenly. You remember that near thing before David went away."

She nodded. She turned slowly back to her work. Then suddenly she whirled back to him. He was startled by her expression. "Tom!"

"Yes?"

She had taken off her glasses and looked at him in concentrated thought that was mixed with something he could not analyse. "Did I understand you to say that a P.M. was coming down from the T.B. ward?"

He nodded.

"But Mrs. Keller was not in the T.B. ward!"

"She was transferred there the night before last. The clinical tests . . ." He stopped short. "What's the matter?"

Her eyes were blazing. "But she couldn't stand that routine! Addison's can't be treated as ordinary T.B. My heavens, Tom, the cold air T.B. patients get would kill her. She should have been kept warm."

He nodded again in a troubled way. "I'm sorry, child," he said gently, "but don't let it get you down. We all make errors of judgment. And she couldn't have lived very long. Not with the clinical findings all against her. Forget it."

"Forget it? David's best case. How can I? What was Matthews thinking of, anyway!"

"Matthews!"

There was such incredulity in his voice that she said quickly, "You didn't think I ordered that?"

He came on into the room and pulled a chair up to her desk. He was more troubled than he wanted her to see. He knew that he had to get to the bottom of this. And quickly.

"Look, Kay, it's all right. It isn't your fault. You have to try everything in a case like that. You couldn't be positive that she wouldn't respond to the T.B. routine."

"I certainly could be positive. Of just that."

"Then why did you . . ." He stopped. Then he added quietly, "Matthews says you ordered it."

To be continued

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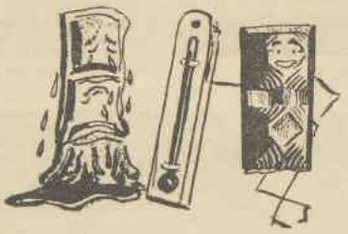
Do you like Chocolate ?

Then you should know what every chocolate maker knows

1. What does every chocolate maker know?

He knows that the highest-grade chocolate is more resistant to heat than ordinary qualities.



2. Now, always remember this—Small's Club Chocolate stays firm at top Summer temperatures, when all other chocolate wilts.

3. That's why Small's chocolate is tops in the tropics. The fighting boys are whaling into your share at present, but you don't mind!

"Overseas makers have tried to buy the process"

4. So, in ordinary times, Summer needn't be an off-season for a chocolate lover like you. If the tropics fail to make Small's Club Chocolate melty no Australian Summer can do it either. In a few months, we hope to have more Small's Club Chocolate for civilian release. Then you'll get the best block chocolate you've ever tasted.

5. This process of keeping chocolate firm in Summer is exclusive to Small's. No other maker has ever produced anything like Club Chocolate. Overseas makers have tried to buy the process, but so far it remains exclusively in Small's hands.

This is how you could make this test yourself.

Take any chocolate you like — any colour, size or shape. Break a piece in halves. Most of them will fall apart without any "snap" at all. The easier that chocolate breaks, the more likely it is to go melty and lose its flavour.

But you will find that Small's Club Chocolate breaks with a good loud SNAP! No other chocolate has got anything like the "snap" to it that you get with Small's. And any chocolate maker has to admit that the bigger the "snap" the better the chocolate! It is because of this extra firmness and "snap" that Small's Club Chocolate is resistant to heat.

Small's make great Chocolate

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CHURCHILL TANKS ON WAY TO GERMANY

AMMUNITION. Two members of the crew of a Churchill tank with Montgomery's forces in Europe check ammunition belts for machine-gun.

WASHING DAY for tank crew, which consists of five men, who eat, sleep, work, and fight together until they are welded into one entity.

MAIL FROM HOME. Tank wireless operator Corporal Walmsley sitting at entrance of his tent to read his letters by light of lantern.

CAMP-FIRE CONCERT. Crew chatting and smoking in the deceptively peaceful twilight while one of them plays a tune on his banjo.

STUDY. Turret gunner 29-year-old Trooper E. ("Mack") Macguinness, from Liverpool.

MOVING UP. The Churchill tank kicking up clouds of dust as it dashes in formation along the dusty roads of Normandy.

VICTORY SMILE. Front gunner and co-driver Lance-Corporal David Thomas, 28.

—British Official Photographs.

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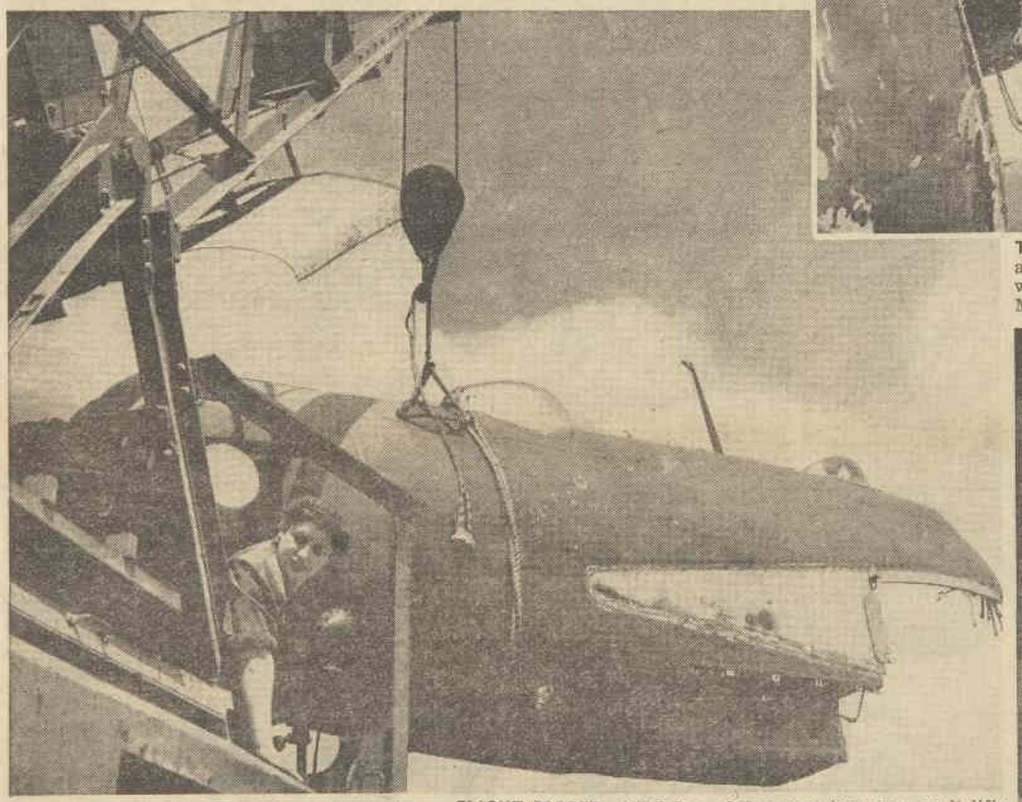
Wrecked planes patched and pieced to fly again

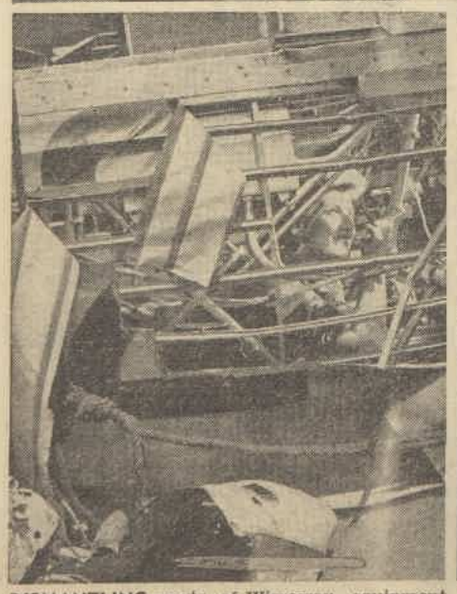
IDENTIFYING equipment recovered from wrecked aircraft at the R.A.A.F. Central Recovery Depot, Richmond, N.S.W., are ACW Joan Scifleet (left) and ACW Kay Wilmore.

THOUSANDS of pounds' worth of valuable equipment is recovered from wrecks at depot. Here ACW Jean McKinnon strips wreck at Richmond.



FLIGHT RIGGER. ACW Joan Ottey operates crane as it lifts from truck body of Beaufighter brought from Taree.

LEI of replated fittings for R.A.A.F. stores is worn by ACW M. Williamson. Twenty-six Waaafs work at the depot.



DISMANTLING parts of Wirraway, equipment assistant ACW Mary Organ goes to work with screwdriver. Even nuts and bolts are salvaged.

VENTURA landing lamp is checked for repairs by ACW R. Ward, electrical assistant.

CORPORALS Joan Freudenstein (top) and M. Milligan checking over the stores.

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[ADVERTISEMENT]

DO YOU KNOW?

Madame du Barry's Dentist extracted teeth with a key-shaped instrument. He fitted the "key" into the patient's tooth and gave a sharp tug.

Kolynos has been awarded the gold seal of the London Institute of Hygiene for consistent purity and quality.

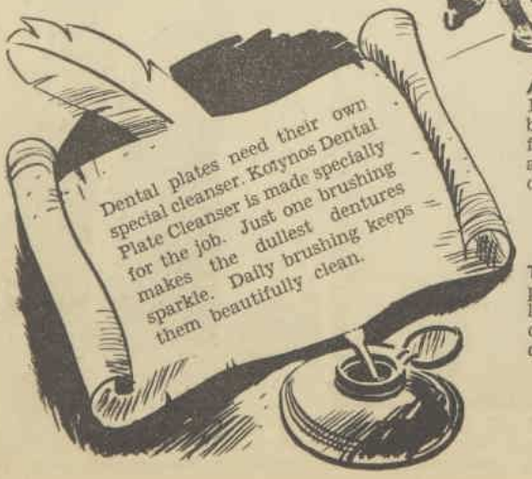
In Sumatra a kind of medicinal cigar is smoked to prevent toothache. Kolynos does a thorough job of cleaning and brightening your teeth.

The Australian Ant-eater has fifty more teeth than any other land mammal, yet it lives on soft ants.

Only 30 years ago a woman consulted a sorceress on cure of toothache. She was advised to take a footbath before sunrise and pour the water out after sunset. The scientifically approved way to help keep teeth free from decay is by twice daily cleansing with Kolynos Dental Cream.

Aged 109—cut new teeth! In the time of Queen Elizabeth, James Hork, of Belfast, at the age of 109, "gott a sett of teeth such as drove out all ye olde stumps."

God with Gold Teeth. Heimdale, the son of Odin and Keeper of the Heavenly Gates, possessed a whole row of gold teeth. Natural shining enamel is far brighter than gold. Keep the enamel of your teeth shining with active Kolynos. Tiny Kolynos bubbles go places between the teeth where your toothbrush can never reach.



Tip to Save Money on toothpaste. Every tube of Kolynos lasts longer because it is concentrated. Half an inch on a dry brush is plenty.

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CELEBRATION LUNCH. Rada Penfold Hyland and fiance Captain Stuart Shierlaw, 5th Battalion (Napiers), 6th Rajputana Rifles, lunch at Prince's to celebrate announcement of engagement. Stuart was formerly A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor of United Provinces, India, Sir Maurice Hallett.

KARITANE MARKET DAY. Pretty debutantes Deidre Edols (left) and Diana Jefferson purchase groceries from Barbara Saxton and Helen Goddard at Market Day which is held at Karitane Home, Woollahra, in aid of Australian Mothercraft Society.

On and Off Duty.

JUST one reception after another this week. Call in to meet Lady Dixon, wife of former Australian Minister at Washington, D.C., U.S.A., at party given in her honor by members of women's section of Australian-American Co-operation Movement.

Then on I go to Government House, where Lord Wakehurst and Lady Wakehurst entertain delegates of National Council of Women Conference. Finally wind up at Bellevue Hill home of Consul-General for Netherlands, Mr. J. B. D. Pennink, when he invites guests to say good-bye to Sydney representative of Netherlands Indies Government Information Service, Mr. B. P. Hunt.

• • •

ARRIVE, together with several delegates of conference, a few minutes early at Government House. While we wait in entrance hall I admire footman's highly polished brass buttons which sparkle in shafts of sunlight as he opens door for guests. Also interested in collection of Lord Wakehurst's walking-sticks, umbrellas, and last, but not least, his Scout sticks.

• • •

SEE former president of National Council of Women, Ruby Board, who introduces me to new president, Mrs. G. L. Byth, of Queensland, saying: "The king is dead, long live the king—this is the lady you want to speak to now."

ENGLISH VISITOR. Mrs. Walter Elliot inspects sewing together of sheepskins for sheepskin vests when she visits C.W.A. Sheepskin Vests workroom. Mrs. D. Mackay (at machine) and Mrs. Basil Foulds (standing, right) show Mrs. Elliot how vests are made.

ALWAYS charming hostess, Lady Wakehurst immediately puts guests at ease, and hands round plate of delicious fruit cake, saying, "Do try some, it's awfully good —I bought it at a fete I was at on Saturday."

• • •

WHEN I arrive at party at Mr. and Mrs. Pennink's am greeted by hostess, who hands me cocktail from tray inscribed with favorite recipes of Pennink household. Before passing on to mingle with guests admire Mrs. Pennink's posy of carnations and forget-me-nots, picked from her own garden, which she tucks at waistline of tailored black afternoon frock.

• • •

LOTS of pretty girls at party given by Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Poate at their Bellevue Hill home to celebrate the engagement of their son Bob to attractive Janet Jefferson. Couple have been engaged some time, but party was postponed until Dr. and Mrs. Poate had reassuring news that their other son, John, was prisoner of war. Bob and Janet plan wedding for next March, and will make their future home at Bob's property at Picton.

BUSY packing their twice-yearly 250 parcels for every soldier who enlisted from Turramurra district, members of Kuring-gai women war workers find time to arrange fete in conjunction with Wahroonga and Turramurra sub-branches of R.S.S.A.I.L.A., to be held at home of Mrs. A. W. Harvey, of Turramurra, on November 11.

• • •

COUNTRY visit for pretty Margaret Fagan, who stays with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Loneragan and their son, Mick, at their home, Heaton Lodge, Mudgee.

• • •

DOWN in Sydney are Mr. and Mrs. Jim Edwards, formerly of Pindaroi, Inverell, with their nine-year-old daughter Margaret and six-year-old son Bill. Jim and Pearl take temporary flat near Pearl's mother, Mrs. Charles Pfeiffer, of Darling Point, and hope to purchase another station property soon.

WELCOME-HOME RECEPTION. Lady Dixon (left), wife of former Australian Minister at Washington, U.S.A., chats to Mrs. Florence Taylor (centre) and Mrs. H. Scorfield at afternoon reception given by women's section of Australian-American Co-operation Movement at History House.

FETE AT FAIRWATER. Committee members of Younger Set of New South Wales Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children, Sheila Moss (left) and Betty Girling, take time off from duties at fete held in aid of Institution at home of Lady Fairfax, Double Bay.

LOVELY lounge-room at our Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen will be open to visitors this Friday afternoon, when members of voluntary workers' council hold fair in aid of club's Christmas activities. Donations of fruit, flowers, and cakes will be welcomed by committee on Friday morning, and other salable goods at any time before Friday.

• • •

"DON'T have to change my name tags on my uniforms or initials on travelling bags," says attractive Jo Harrison, who chooses St. James' Church, King Street, for marriage with Captain Ronald Harrison, A.I.F. Despite having same name, couple are not related, and met first when Jo was member of A.A.M.W.S. and Ron was attached to his unit in New Guinea. Jo is now with Blood Bank in city, and with Ron has month's leave.

• • •

MEMBERS of National Defence League hope to hold annual meeting on November 28, and new N.D.L. Social and Study Centre, Scottish House, Bridge Street, Centre is part of League's present and post - war plan to help family and domestic problems of rehabilitation.

Joyce

HONEYMOONERS. Sergeant Sydney Bortfield, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. Bortfield, who was formerly Roma Machan, before her recent marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill, photographed in Hyde Park when couple return from honeymoon at Mount Victoria.

SERVICEWOMEN enjoy well-earned rest at Magnetic Island A.C.F.-Y.W.C.A. recreation centre—considered to be best in world. Left to right: Servicewomen L. E. McDonald, Sydney; L. N. Buchanan, W.A.; H. S. Carroll, Melbourne; M. Flynn, Brisbane; and A. Thomas, Sydney, after being checked in and issued with blankets and sheets.

ENGAGED. Yvonne Selman and fiance Eric Crane, ex-A.I.F., of Bristol, England, announce engagement. Yvonne is only child of Mrs. V. Selman, of Lane Cove, and of late Mr. J. F. Selman, of Coonabarabran. Couple both work in Repatriation Department.

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Greek woman's heroism in sheltering soldiers

GREEK CIVILIANS and guerrillas in the mountains during the occupation of their country by the Nazis.

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS fraternising with Greek civilians in Athens before the tragic campaign of 1941. Greek women saved hundreds of soldiers from capture.

Helped A.I.F. men play game of hide-and-seek with Nazis in Athens

Cabled from Athens by PHILIP WYNTER

Scores of women living in Athens to-day can tell how they cared for and hid British soldiers within hearing of the daily sound of German jackboots clumping down the pavements outside their homes.

In all these stories there is the same pattern of extraordinary devotion, courage, and an almost fanatical determination to outwit the Germans regardless of cost. But the story of Olympia Inglessis is perhaps the most sensational of all because of the element of sheer "cheek" in her exploits.

OLYMPIA is an exceptional woman.

Twenty-two years old, taller than average, heavily built, with long tawny hair and dark brown eyes, her clear-cut Grecian features carry not only the signs of an exuberant, forceful character, but also expressions of maturity of the kind that harsh experience of German rule leaves.

She is partly English. Her grandfather was the son of an Englishman who went to Greece with the poet Byron and married a Greek girl. Her father took the name Inglessis, which means English.

Olympia helped many soldiers to escape from the Germans and in her own home hid eight—four of whom were Australians—for two years while German officers lived in the same house.

With the Australians pretending to be Greeks she went to the movies and into cafes among Germans and Italians — a venture so brazen it succeeded.

Heroic household

HER household shared the dangers Olympia's enthusiasm brought on them.

Living with her were her mother, her brother, and Miss Elizabeth King, her Scots governess who is now educating Olympia's son of her marriage at the age of fourteen. There was also the boy's Greek nurse.

When the crash came in April, 1941, Olympia was in Athens, living in a twenty-roomed house in one of the suburbs. Her mother supervised a big jeweller's shop in Athens which was willed to Olympia by her father.

The shop became a meeting place for English, Australian, and New Zealand soldiers trying to hide from the Germans. Later came Jews.

With other women, Olympia started a small underground organisation to hide these people and help them escape from Greece.

Olympia helped many of these, but she talks of the eight hidden in the house as a mother might talk of a big family of sons.

She kept no record of their names, but they were four Australians, two New Zealanders, and two English.

"Ah," she said to me, "there was George, an Australian sergeant, short, with blue eyes and reddish hair. He was gay, always joking and talking about horses.

"Bill was a tall, quiet Australian corporal who'd been in the military police. Private Peter was a big man, tall and very carefree—we could find no trousers big enough for him, and had to smuggle a tailor into the house.

"The other Australian was Jimmy. He was being hidden at the American College, but they couldn't keep him, so I smuggled him through the sewers to my house.

"The two New Zealanders were Roy and Fred. Fred had malaria badly.

"Then there were the Englishmen, Jock and Philip, who spoke three or four languages, and had something to do with Intelligence. He was an officer, and had something which looked like mechanical equipment hidden in the cellar, and said it was better I didn't know what it was."

Discovery of these men would have meant torture and death for the residents of the house, and an incredible game of hide and seek went on for months.

Toward the end of the year the Germans came and took all the rooms in the house except four around one kitchen. In these Olympia and her huge family settled down.

The men were careful not to be seen when they went out at night. Only the three who could speak Greek went out the front door in the daytime.

Probably the whole thing was so preposterous that it never occurred to the German imagination that escapees could be living in the same household as officers of the local German District Headquarters.

Occasionally Germans would infiltrate into Olympia's part of the house. There was frequent hiding in bathrooms and under beds while Olympia and the three who could speak Greek entertained Germans in the living-room.

One night some German officers invited themselves for dinner and brought food and champagne. Out in the kitchen the women of the house and the Australians chuckled as they sliced off pieces for themselves.

Inside, two Australians and the Englishmen, Philip, joked with the Germans. It was a gay party.

"I got in one of the Australians who could play the concertina, and explained him as a man I had invited along specially," Olympia said, "and we all sang songs with the Germans."

Olympia and some of the men became more and more exuberant. They used to go to cafes and movies and would often speak English, but so many Greeks speak English that the Germans and Italians took no notice.

Olympia lost one of her men through exuberance. He was an Australian, and, seeing a girl he knew with an Italian, punched the Italian as he was walking along the street.

He was arrested and his identity discovered, but no one knew he was from Olympia's house. Olympia and her friends spent some money among his Italian gaolers, and he escaped and was eventually smuggled out of Greece.

The exuberance of the Australians was now becoming fantastic. They all spoke enough Greek to get round, went to the city most nights, and had girl friends whom they saw regularly.

Olympia taught them to say in German "We are Gestapo." She and three or four of them would get into a public bus in which German and Italian soldiers and civilians were travelling.

"We are Gestapo," Peter, the heftiest, would say. They'd all sit down, and the Germans and Italians would sit silently and fearfully until they got off—without paying their fares.

"It was all crazy," said Olympia.

Miss King, now grey-haired and weighing about six stone, said:

"They knew I was English, of course, and made me report all the time, but there was always the terror of their finding out our secret at home."

Yet when Olympia talks about it now, she laughs and chuckles so much she can hardly speak.

The end of the amazing adventure of the crazy household came after two years.

One afternoon early last spring a Greek working for the Germans as interpreter phoned and said, "They're coming to get you. They'll search your house. It is bad."

Olympia smuggled the men quickly from the house into Athens. They caught a tram, and all pretended to be drunk.

Italian soldiers on the tram were looking on tolerantly, and Olympia said in Italian, "It's my friend's birthday. They are terrible men. They drink so much."

The Italians chuckled sympathetically.

Olympia left the men with her dressmaker in the centre of the city, and went home.

Next morning she saw a car pull up at the gate.

Two men in civilian clothes knocked at the door, and one said in English, "We are English and we want help."

"My house isn't a hostel for the English; I can't help you," said Olympia.

The men stepped in, pushing Olympia backwards.

"They punched me all over the body with their fists," she said. "One man pulled out a pistol and hit my head with the butt. When I fell they kicked me. I was very much hurt and angry, but I didn't cry. I never cried for a German."

Twelve Germans searched the house, and, of course, they found the mechanical thing which Philip had left in the cellar.

They took Olympia, her son and his nurse, and Miss King to Gestapo headquarters, and collected her mother from the shop in the city. (Her brother was away in the country with the Partisans.)

In an office at Gestapo House Olympia, with her hair matted with blood from the wound in her head, and blood trickling down her face, watched her inquisitors as the interrogation began.

Inquisition

THERE were four of them, and in spite of blows with pistol-butts and fists she answered "I don't know" to all the questions.

Later she was taken to a special room for "treatment"—torture applied by a set of claws clamped round her head.

They threatened to shoot her son, but by this time she was so dazed that she couldn't understand what they were saying, and could only cling to her determination to keep on saying she knew nothing.

They told her later they had shot her mother and son, but she still insisted she had nothing to confess, and after imprisonment for 15 days in a dark cell they set her free.

She found her family had already been released, but she was followed wherever she went for a long time, and didn't dare to try to visit her men, who were scattered round the homes of sympathisers.

One by one they were smuggled out to Egypt by the Greek underground, and she saw only one of them again.

She had to go to hospital for an operation made necessary by the blows of the Gestapo, and while there she was visited by Peter, the big man, who brought her flowers.

She and her family made one unsuccessful attempt to get out of Greece later, but were caught by German troops and held for a few days.

However, these Nazis knew nothing of her previous record, and decided she wasn't dangerous, so she returned to Athens and took an apartment in a district where she was not known.

Her own home is just a shell. The Germans broke it up as they left, and now with her mother, brother, seven-year-old son, old nurse, and Miss King, she lives quietly in a small apartment in Athens.

Her story was corroborated for me by Miss King, by a member of the Swiss Red Cross, and by a neighbor who knew all about it.

I tell the story because I know there are dozens of Greek women like Olympia. Her story is their story.

WOMEN OF GREECE helping with the unloading of ammunition while their country was fighting for its existence.

"They're coming to get you"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4726857

Funny That Way

Continued from page 3

RENNA said sweetly: "Silly child! It's nearly four. Time we get to the stream it'll be daylight." Alan wants to know! That was enough for me. I struggled into slacks and jumper and tip-toed into the kitchen. Alan was there, absorbed and excited. He handled his rods with a hushed little-boy breathlessness, and he and Renna discussed tips and balance and pink ladies and grey hackles till I was in a stupor again.

When we finally started I wasn't walking. I was just putting one foot ahead of the other in an effort to keep moving till I was awake. Then I heard Alan's voice from a long sleepy way off. "Lie down, Dee." So I did. Dropped everything and lay down on the deep grass and went back to sleep. Their giggles and the sweater Alan put over me didn't waken me, and I didn't know till evening when Renna told it with delight that Alan had been holding up a barbed-wire fence so I could lie down and roll under it. Another laugh at Dee!

I woke presently to brilliant sunrise, on a slope with a stream riffling round a pool at the bottom. I figured the others were round close, and then I forgot everything except that I was young and alive and in love. I stuck my hands in my pockets, threw back my head and warbled, "Sunrise and you-o-o, and the sweet morning dew—." It must have been the gipsy in me. I heaved pebbles to see if I could hit the pool.

I could. I did. For two irate figures shot from behind a rock with an angry "You—hey—stop shouting and throwing rocks!" Then they stared—Renna and Alan, unable to believe their eyes. They told me firmly that trout don't like serenades and pebbles, but no one had mentioned their little peculiarities to me.

We plodded upstream looking for another pool or riffle. Renna was stony and Alan a little too polite. My heel was burning in my new boots as we started back that afternoon, but wild horses couldn't have dragged a complaint from me.

We got home to find Katey grim and smoking mad. "You idiot!" she boomed at Renna, "you left one of the boxes—the one with all the fresh supplies—in Estes. This is all staples and canned stuff. A fine table you expect me to set for two men and——"

"Katey, my dear," Renna crooned, "Don't come unglued. See the pretty fish!"

"There is nothing," Katey informed her, "to fry them in!"

"Well, then, I'll just buzz down to town and——"

"You'll buzz nowhere!" Katey snorted. "Harry's tinkered the intestines clear out of the car. Now you tinker with a can opener!"

"Don't grouse," Renna urged. "There's plenty here, and we all like beans."

After a meal of sorts, Alan pulled me down in the porch swing, but I felt stony inside when I saw his eyes on Renna. She was describing Lawn Lake, where they were "all big ones and struck as fast as you could drop a line."

"I'll get horses from Olsen's south meadow," she planned, "I saw Lady there, and Slats and——"

"Horses?" I quavered.

"Of course. Olsen doesn't mind. Even keeps some old saddles and gear in a shed for me. It's a ten-mile pack up to Lawn Lake. We can stay at the Government cabin to-morrow night, and be fishing the first thing the next morning. That'll give Harry a chance to finish the car and get some supplies. Now, Alan, I'll tell you what to take."

I slipped out and crawled into bed, uncertain whether to swear a little or cry a lot. Fish, horses, stove pipes! What have they to do with love? A lot, if you ask me!

I felt a thousand years old when Renna woke me the next morning, asking hopefully if I were too tired to go. That did it! I hoisted myself upright and into my clothes. Renna, the miracle woman, had been to the meadow and brought back three seedy-looking animals. I climbed on to a mountain of horseflesh named Lady, and surrendered myself to her caprices.

They were many and unpredictable in spite of Renna's brief, "Just let her have her head, Dee. She's as safe as a rocking-chair." She and Alan galloped ahead, and I discovered the alarming fact that horses don't steer. The trail looked straight up to me, and if I looked back my stomach made ill-bred protest.

At the last stream Lady was thirsty suddenly. She stopped without putting out a figurative hand, plunked her two feet into the shallow water, and dumped me effortlessly on to the sand. She drank her fill, and sped off through the trees with a derisive twitch of her rear. And I sat, half in, half out of the water, my heel throbbing, my head aching, alone in the great out-of-doors! Nature's playground! Renna and her cosy little plans! It wasn't fair, my heart protested!

If I had Alan at home, in our shared world of books, and music, and friends, our ordinary activities, our thousand common interests . . . But I didn't, and a stubborn streak in me made me want to win him back without asking any quarter—even of these new strange surroundings. I turned over to dry out and pondered on the last few days, trying to find an angle I could use.

I could never compete with Renna. She knew too much. It looked very hopeless! I was repeating myself, and as I floundered, my other words said themselves over again, too. She knew too much! With the words an idea glimmered.

I could see water through the trees, and I tucked my thoughts away for future cogitation and started on. When I reached the lake it looked as if I were very much too late! Their fingers touching over a tangled line, Renna raised her red lips right up to Alan. I shut my eyes as he bent over her. It wouldn't have been human to resist, but, oh, it wasn't fair! Heartsick and reckless, I began to whistle noisily as I clambered over the rocks. They started, and hailed me effusively. "Come on, Dee," Alan said, "I have a rod all ready for you. Here. See what you can do."

Under Alan's eyes I practised my first cast. I missed, again and again, but excitement at that unseen strike at the end of my line began to simmer inside me and finally I felt the mysterious sharp tug, heard Alan's shout, I saw the flash of a wet belly, a curving arc of silver and knew that I'd hooked my first trout. "Alan," I yelped, frozen to the spot, "Alan, tell me what to do!"

We fished till the light failed, then had our sandwiches and coffee. They laughed as I described Lady's defection and Renna told me what I should have done. We led their horses up the remaining mile to the government cabin. There were several beds, Renna explained, also plenty of bedrolls. It was open to whoever needed it—an emergency shelter in winter but seldom used in summer.

We were dog tired and we stopped in pretty awful silence as we rounded a turn and saw a light. But Renna was right in her element. When we found four weary fishermen just putting out their lantern, she was gay about bunking on the floor, and spread the bedrolls round efficiently. The musty smell of my covers, even a lump of cement-hard dirt in the middle of my back, didn't bother her any! Chatting cheerfully, she pulled off her boots, put a coat over her tackle box for a pillow. I lay cramped and cold, mulling over various forms of homicide.

IN the early dawn Alan called: "Let's get up! Rustle some breakfast. Beans and coffee and beans." Now I make coffee that will melt a banker's heart, but I fussed with the beans and watched Renna. When she poured out a murky, threatening-looking liquid, I hugged myself privately as Alan choked.

I found I was as wild to get to the water as they were, and I didn't do too badly. I kept pretty still all day listening to Renna tell Alan what lure was best, what leaders to use, where to cast. She told and told and when he called it a day and started home, she was still telling. Would I ever know as much as she did?

Alan swung me up in front of him and we rode down on his horse.

"Alan," I began, "Do you think I'll ever learn?"

"Learn what, Brown eyes?"

"About fishing! I'm normally bright, and folks aren't born knowing how—or are they?"

He laughed. "You'll be all right, Dee. You need a little fundamental instruction, and the rest is experience and liking it and learning as you go. Do you like it?"

"Oh, a lot! If only I wasn't so—so thumby. Alan, could you—would it bore you to teach me?" His arms tightened round me. "I'd love teaching you, Dee!" His voice deepened and he held me closer. "Dee—I——" Just then the trail widened and Renna swerved back and rode beside us the rest of the way home.

Even Renna was surprised to find that Harry's car wasn't running yet. "I expected to spend the whole week on her," Harry grumbled at her impatience. "What do you want me to do, throw the parts back in by the double handful?"

"The next time," her voice was sharp, "Ask before you cut us off from civilisation!"

"You let Harry alone!" boomed Katey. "You're doing what you want and he's doing what he wants! If you'd checked the boxes like I told you to, we wouldn't need any car. And the next time, since you want to be critical, I'll know enough not to trust anything to a lamebrain like you. If these men ever forgive me——"

I went to sleep to the patter of rain that became a steady downpour till the next day. Harry read and Katey knitted. Renna stuck to Alan and their chairs got closer and closer before the fire, and their voices lower and lower, as she kept him bending over maps, fly-books, etc. It was her skirmish, and no denying.

We made a joke of the beans and soup and corn and canned peaches for supper, but Alan's laugh was a little forced. He only gets one vacation a year, and canned beans are canned beans in any setting.

When the rain stopped, Renna beckoned Alan to the front porch. It was chilly out, but misty clean and moonlight. I thought of her sultry eyes and inviting lips, and Alan's dear head bending down again. I fiddled aimlessly with some tackle—anything to hide how my fingers were trembling. Suddenly I pricked myself. I looked down. It was a gold hook.

"Renna," I called hastily, "Tell me why I should always use gold hooks with certain bait." She turned speculative eyes to me, looked back to Alan, but she couldn't resist. She began to explain. "As I was telling Alan——" Length after length of words. Alan drifted away. I haven't learned what the angle is about gold hooks. Some fishermen like them and some don't. They weren't important anyway—except as a straw showing me where a faint breeze was blowing.

I didn't go fishing the next morning. I blamed my blistered heel. It wasn't easy to see Alan go out to a day of rain-washed mountain glory and hours of Renna's vivid challenge. I'd lost so much ground—been such a sorry contrast. But I had an idea, and I had some things to do.

I hauled our bedding into the sun. I washed my hair and brushed it till it shone. Then I walked, scrambled, plodded down the road, blistered heel and all, clear to the main highway and then on, till I got a lift to town. I came back with steak, eggs, bacon, green things and fruit. I had to rest a while and wonder what people did before automobiles. I made our beds up, fresh and sweet, all the damp from the rain aired away. I put on a demure green linen dress. Katey watched me quizzically, but she didn't question when I shooed her out of the kitchen.

Please turn to page 28

Animal Antics

"Hello, Julius. Had any good books lately?"

Frenchwomen to vote

Cabled by KING WATSON from Paris

One right which the women of Australia have had since Federation will be given to the women of France for the first time when the general election is held to elect the Government of the Fourth Republic.

General de Gaulle has promised them the vote.

TO-DAY I tried to discover what the women might say through the ballot box about what they wanted in the new France.

I asked one of France's foremost feminists, Madame Marcelle de Labit, secretary of the Federation of Tobacco and Match Workers, which has more than 75 per cent. of women in its 6000 members.

She has an office in the Confederation General Du Travail, which would correspond roughly to an Australian Trades Hall.

She is one of those women who is probably 50 or more, but could pass for 40, with a fresh complexion and grey curls faintly tinted blue.

I told Madame de Labit that the opinion was widely held in Australia that the influence of women on policies was largely conservative. I asked her whether this might be the case in France.

She replied that she thought the immediate effects of the hardships of the occupation would be reflected in the women's vote.

"French women are not concerned with politics as such," she said. "They will vote for the people who convince them that they will provide better social and industrial conditions.

"The great majority of French women believe in a really republican form of government, and I don't mean by that they merely pay lip service to a formula.

"They want Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity really to mean something."

Madame de Labit said she thought several women would seek election to the Chamber of Deputies. Anyone over 25 will be eligible to stand. The vote is open to everyone over 21.

Madame de Labit wouldn't express an opinion on what proportion of women would vote at the first French election.

But she thought the highest proportion would be among working-class women, who are organised through trade unions and who have a sense of unity through the great part they played in the resistance movements.

One interesting suggestion has been made that ballot papers be colored so that it will be possible after the election to discover what are the trends of the women's and men's vote without violation of the secrecy of the ballot.

It would be an interesting check to make in Australia, too.

Australian in Brussels

AUSTRALIAN Amanda Webb, of Perth, has been made a member of the Belgian Military Mission which will attend the Peace Conference. She is the only woman member, and the honor has been conferred on her in recognition of her four years' service in the Belgian underground.

Her special job was to smuggle Jewish children to safety.

She was a violin student at Sydney Conservatorium before she went to Belgium to continue her studies in 1938, and she later married a Belgian.

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CADBURY *means* QUALITY..

Made in the country...at Claremont, Tasmania... from chocolate and full-cream milk . . . Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate is wholesomeness itself. Of course, you see little Dairy Milk Chocolate nowadays . . . In fact, because of transport regulations, we are unable to distribute at all in New South Wales, and South Australia. With victory, however, you will once again be able to freely enjoy delicious, creamy Dairy Milk Chocolate.

A glimpse of the Cadbury Factory in its big, park-like estate at Claremont, nine miles up the beautiful Derwent Valley from Hobart

DMA4 PP

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMENS WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 8: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, Nov. 9 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, Nov. 10: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, Nov. 11: Goodie Reeve presents Radio Competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, Nov. 12 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, Nov. 13: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, Nov. 14: "What's On the Menu?"

Story of Empress Josephine

"Josephine, Empress of Sorrow," the new midday serial from 2GB, has outstanding dramatic appeal. It will begin on Monday, November 13, and will be heard every Monday to Thursday at 12.15 p.m.

THE serial will relate the life of the famous Josephine, who played such an important part in the life of Napoleon.

It will show how her qualities of mind and heart, even more than her beauty, won her universal regard; how she attracted round her the most brilliant society of France, and contributed to the establishment of Napoleon's power.

The role of Josephine is played by Peg Christensen, a dramatic star of considerable ability. She won a Trinity College dramatic scholarship in 1939, which entitled her to a year's study in London, but was unable to take advantage of it because of the war.

Other leading roles will be played by John O'Malley as Josephine's first husband (Alexandre de Beauharnais), Enid Lorimer as Madame Renaudin, George Willoughby, Marshall Crosby, and Ivy Ray.

John Alden will be the narrator, and E. Mason Wood is the producer.

Little is known of Josephine's early life, except that she was born in Martinique, in the West Indies, and there grew up in idleness on the small estate of her father, Joseph-Gaspard Tascher de la Pagerie.

Wed at 16

THE opening scene in the story of the life of the woman who was to become the Empress Josephine is set in the pre-revolution France of 1777.

At that time, Josephine at 16 married Alexandre de Beauharnais, aged 18.

The marriage was arranged by Madame Renaudin, who exerted considerable influence over the wealthy Marquis de Beauharnais, and who was determined that her niece Josephine should make a worthy match.

Alexandre de Beauharnais was a serious-minded, unhumorous young man who *seemed to* have but one idea, that of influencing mentally the life of his future wife.

He built up a teacher-pupil relationship, which was *doomed* to failure.

The tragedy of Josephine's marriage, her reconciliations with Alexandre, the birth of her two children, and the divorce three years later, which resulted in complete defeat for Alexandre, provide rich human drama, which makes this serial of absorbing interest.

Alexandre de Beauharnais was guillotined as an anti-revolutionist in 1794. By that marriage Josephine had two children, a daughter, Hortense, and a son, Eugene.

She was well known in Parisian political circles, and in 1796 she married Napoleon Bonaparte, and was crowned Empress in 1804.

Because of mutual jealousies and the fact that there were no children of the marriage, Napoleon divorced her in 1810.

From then on Josephine lived in retirement at La Malmaison, near Paris, where she died on May 24, 1814.

Because of its richness in romance and tragedy, the story of Josephine will appeal to every woman.

Fashion PATTERNS

F3266.—Snappy pinafore and blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide, for pinafore, 2yds., 36in. wide, for blouse. Pattern, 1/7.

F315.—Chic floral frock; note pocket treatment. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3256.—Smartly tailored jodhpurs and shirt for the 10 to 16-year-olds. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, for shirt, and 2½yds., 36in. wide, for jodhpurs. Pattern, 1/7.

F3242.—"Apron" skirt day frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3284.—A happy version of the ever-popular bolero style. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide, and 1yd. for bolero, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F1999.—Exquisitely designed nightgown for summer wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in wide, and ½yd. lace. Pattern, 1/10.

F2549.—New summer design; very pretty, too. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE Note! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ord red by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children state age of child. ★ Use box numbers given on this page.

Needlework Notions

535

Infant's frock in Cesarella

This dainty little frock is available in cream all-wool Cesarella, clearly traced ready to cut out and stitch together before embroidering. The design shows a dainty little bodice, with embroidery motif for working, and full skirt to fall just over the knees.

Size, infants, 11/9 (4 coupons); 6 to 12 months, 12/9 (4 coupons). Plus 3½d. postage.

Please ask for No. 535 and be sure to enclose required number of coupons when ordering by mail.

536

Pillow-case for baby

A dainty addition to baby's trousseau is this all-white organdie pillow-case. It is stamped with an embroidery motif for working, and the edge is finished with self ruffle. For a dainty finish, line with pastel-pink or blue. A bow of the same shade used may be attached to one corner. However, only the ready-to-make pillow-case is available.

Price 3/- (1 coupon), and 2½d. postage. Please ask for No. 536 and enclose coupon with your order.

Fashion Frock Service

"LENA"—charming blouse in rayon silk

This dainty little blouse has been fashioned from rayon crepe-de-chine in dainty shades of pastel-pink, blue, also plain white. The material is ideal for summer wearing, washes well, and has a good appearance.

The design chosen features the new shaped bodice, with fullness over bustline, neat roll collar, and short, cuffed sleeves. Good length is given for a comfortable tuck-in, and the front is fastened with self-covered buttons.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 22/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 26/6 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4½ postage.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 13/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 15/11 (6 coupons). Plus 1/4½ postage.

How to obtain **"LENA."** In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to **Box 3498, G.P.O.,** Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give bust and hip measurements.

SEND your order for Fashion patterns or needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" to the address given in your State as under:

Box 384A, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne
Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only).
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

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Hedy Lamarr expects first baby next June

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD, in Hollywood

GLAMOROUS Hedy Lamarr has announced to the film colony that she is expecting a baby next June. However, she will complete "Her Highness and the Bellboy" with Robert Walker, which she is making for MGM.

Hedy married British actor John Loder in May, 1943. She is very excited at the prospect of motherhood.

"We hope it is a girl. If it is, we will name her Victoria, but if a son, he will be called Victor," she said.

Hedy has been married twice before. Her first husband was Viennese Fritz Mandl, whom she divorced after coming to Hollywood. She then married Hollywood producer Gene Markey in 1939, and divorced him a year later.

While married to Markey she adopted a boy called James, and she now feels that the child of her third husband, John Loder, will bring them even closer together.

* * *

JENNIFER JONES is much in demand. After completing "Love Letters" with Ann Richards, she goes to Fox in order to star in screen adaptation of best-seller "Cluny Brown," the story of a saucy English parlormaid, whose adventures cause pandemonium in sedate household.

* * *

FAY HOLDEN, Mother Hardy in Hardy series, has received word that her young brother, who is a lieutenant with the British Army in Italy, has received a head wound.

* * *

NEWCOMER Eleanor Parker has finished playing the leading role in Warner Bros' remake of "Of Human Bondage."

She was preparing to enter hospital for an appendix operation, but while waiting she slipped, sprained her ankle, and had to hobble to bed on crutches.

* * *

PAUL LUKAS broke his toe in four places in a fist fight with George Brent when both men refused doubles for a fight scene in the RKO film titled "Experiment Perilous." A heavy bar-room table fell on Lukas' foot while he and Brent were sparring.

GLAD to hear at Joan Fontaine's birthday party that her sister, Olivia de Havilland, is getting over the attack of pneumonia she contracted during her tour in the South Pacific area.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Lauren Bacall, of Warners, described as a "smouldering incendiary," has not yet appeared on the screen, she receives 3000 fan-mail letters a week, due to her magazine pictures.

* * *

BILL GARGAN tells me Mrs. Leslie Howard will return to Hollywood shortly for the sad task of selling her late husband's home here and settling his affairs.

* * *

LOVELY Fox star Linda Darnell is happy over the prospect of welcoming her husband's (Peverell Marley) sixty-year-old aunt, from England. Linda said: "We have not seen Mrs. Canivet before, but we have corresponded for several years, and feel we know her and are happy that she is coming to live with us."

Linda comes from a large family and probably misses the chatter and bustle of relatives as she and her husband, a sergeant in the Army, live alone.

* * *

DULCET-VOICED crooner Frank Sinatra has found an unexpected rival in Errol Flynn, who makes a hit crooning two Mexican love songs in his latest film, "San Antonio."

* * *

WHILE working in a fight scene for his new film, "Counter Attack," for Columbia, Paul Muni received a lacerated jaw from fellow actor Larry Parks.

* * *

JOAN FONTAINE has four husbands in "Affairs of Susan." They are Dennis O'Keefe, George Brent, Walter Abel, and Don de Fore.

R.A.N. OFFICER IN HOLLYWOOD. Paramount's Cecil Kellaway was delighted to meet fellow Australian when Lieut. J. A. Thomas, R.A.N., had a brief stay in the film colony. With them is Helen Walker.

STUDIO GREEN ROOM LUNCH for Bette Davis, who is guest of John Loder, Warner Bros.' featured player, and his wife, Hedy Lamarr.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ THE DEMI-PARADISE

NOTABLE for a wealth of clever character drawings and its fine script.

This film has no strong plot, and does not need one. It is a serious and effective attempt to give a Russian's impression of England. His initial setbacks, misunderstandings, and bewilderment are followed by happy relationships.

Gradually he learns the English type of humor and the real essence of the race.

During a good part of the film the English indulge their favorite pastime, laughing at themselves, and do it well.

Directed by Anthony Asquith for Two Cities Films, it has a serious role to play. It is an effective attempt to lay "the Bolshevist bogy," to destroy all the misconceptions carefully built up about Russians.

Laurence Olivier as the Russian reaches a peak in his career. He was released by the Navy for this job, and has given it all he has.

Penelope Ward provides the love interest and gives a performance worthy of Olivier. Felix Aylmer and Leslie Henson do good work.—Century; showing.

★★ GOVERNMENT GIRL

MERIT of this RKO film of behind-the-scenes Washington lies in the acting and not in production.

Director Dudley Nichols has failed to weld the story into streamlined, frothy entertainment required by the script. Too much emphasis turns what could have been delicious scenes into boring episodes.

Olivia de Havilland slapsticks her way along as "Smokey" Allard, who causes a heap of trouble by recounting what she regards as funny office incidents.

Her big dramatic scene comes well on in the film, when she makes a heart-stirring appeal to the Senate and rights the wrong she has done.

A finished, satisfying, and distinguished performance is given by newcomer Sonny Tufts as Ed Browne, the engineer who gets things done. This role should put Tufts well into the starring class.

Anne Shirley and James Dunn, as a couple of honeymooners looking for a room, provide rather overdone gagging and far too much of it.

Agnes Moorehead, Una O'Connor, Paul Stewart, and Jess Barker give good support.—Empire; showing.

★ NONE SHALL ESCAPE

COLUMBIA take an excursion into the future with this story of the post-war trial of Nazi leaders who were the instigators of unspeakable crimes committed during the German occupation of a Polish village.

The accusations which the Polish people bring against the Nazi tyrants form the basis of the story, and the flashback method is used effectively to illustrate their acts of brutality.

Marsha Hunt, although not aptly cast as the dynamic Polish schoolteacher, does a surprisingly good job.

Capable support is given by Alexander Knox, vicious Nazi leader, and Erik Rolfe's gentle anti-Nazi German.—Lyceum; showing.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET

THIS is a highly improbable film which delves into the mysteries of science.

Artist Julian Karell, played by suave Nils Asther, is interested in attractive Eve Brandon (Helen Walker), and is regarded with suspicision by family friend Paul Cavanagh.

Not even deft direction by competent Ralph Murphy can save this film from being little better than the ordinary horror film which is turned out with little or no regard for acting or production.

Helen Walker, who showed promise in "Lucky Jordan," will not go very far if she is given such poor material in the future.

Nils Asther and Paul Cavanagh do the best they can with the roles assigned them amidst a virtually unknown supporting cast.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Peace plan for films

The part motion pictures will play in the post-war period was outlined recently by executive producer Colonel Jack Warner, of Warner Bros.

"MOTION pictures cannot write the peace, but they can and must interpret it with the power they have applied to telling the story of the war," he said.

Already Warner has lined up picture ideas showing the transition from war to peace which may soon face us.

"Problems facing many millions returning to civil life must be interpreted on the screen, just as war problems are interpreted to-day. We producers have a tremendous responsibility to the entire world in interpreting the peace our boys are fighting for.

"With the shifting of the war from Europe to the Pacific we still feel the need to record the fighting in dramatic motion pictures, so we have films such as 'Objective Burma' and 'God Is My Co-Pilot.'

"These are for release when world attention is focused on Far Eastern battles, which will end global conflagration."

With regard to films based on peace happenings, Warner said:

"We must show the importance of safeguarding our heritage of freedom, and point out the forces that will destroy freedom.

"As Anthony Eden pointed out, we are fighting for a world in which our children and their children can know security of peace and freedom.

"That struggle will be the most important in post-war years, and we at Warners pledge ourselves to dramatise the issues of the day."

Laughton reads Bible as his hair is curled

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD, in Hollywood

While visiting the set of Charles Laughton's new film, "Suspect," I noticed him sitting under a hair-drier, reading the Bible.

CHARLES LAUGHTON, who has to look gentle and kindly when playing the part of a murderer in his new film, "Suspect," directed by Robert Siodmak.

THIS somewhat startling sight was explained by Laughton saying:

"For my role as a murderer in this film I must have a gentle, kindly appearance, so Universal is softening my features with this fluffy, curled hair-do.

"How women stand these driers beats me. If it was not for the Bible I could not stand it."

Charles explained that his interest in the Bible is due to his contract-making series of Biblical excerpt recordings for broadcasting.

Laughton, who is busy working on the film, must snatch off moments studying Bible passages whenever he is able. Hence he reads aloud, while he has his hair curled.

"I am delighted to find that there is a place for me entertaining the troops after all. I had the impression that soldiers only wanted pretty girls and comedians, but in recent camp tours the boys said they wanted to hear me recite Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, which I did in the film 'Ruggles of Red Gap.'"

Charles' Bible records may be short-waved to overseas troops.

Laughton is starring in "Suspect," which is a psychological murder.

He is very popular with supporting actors, frequently aiding them in stealing scenes from himself by suggesting ideas for improving their parts.

Director Robert Siodmak lets Laughton have his way, though.

Charles perversely declared:

"So help me, I have no desire to be a director; I prefer remaining a fancy ham."

"Fancy ham" then proceeded to tear out the hearts of the crew and spectators with his interpretation of a pathetic, gentle fellow who is forced into murder and its hideous consequences.

Laughton, a really great artist, manages to invest his love scenes with Ella Raines with charm and romance despite his girth.

He plays many scenes in "Suspect" with a tiny white kitten.

"I love cats," he said. "I have three strays at home. One found in Santa Monica canyon, named Pinkie; one left on doorstep, named Mrs. Pinkie; and one which followed the dog home, named Freddie."

As Laughton concluded the interview a mischievous smile creased his plump face as he fingered his curls.

"I would run Ingrid Bergman close now for role of Maria in 'For Whom the Bell Tolls.'"

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• *DONALD O'CONNOR, versatile young star, is now a private in the U.S. Army. His last film for Universal was "The Merry Monahans."*

• *DIANA BARRYMORE, daughter of John, is carrying on the famous acting traditions of her family. Under contract to Universal, Diana has been granted leave to appear on Broadway in stage shows.*

• *ELLA RAINES, dark-haired young beauty, is married to childhood sweetheart Captain Ken Trout, U.S. Air Force hero. Her latest Universal film is "Suspect," with Charles Laughton. Ella is an out-of-doors girl, loves swimming, ski-ing, and riding.*

Movie World

• *LOUISE ALLBRITTON is one of Universal's hopes for the future. Returning from an entertainment tour in Italy, Louise started work on "San Diego, I Love You," co-starring with Jon Hall. Louise is 5 feet 7½ inches tall and has a superb figure.*

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QUALITY
HAS NOT BEEN RATIONED!

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME
MORLEY
ON UNDERWEAR

1 **OPPORTUNIST MILLER** (George Murphy) gets money from Glen (Frank Sinatra) by promising to produce his play. But plans musical show.

2 **WHEN** Glen's money is used, Miller is in debt to hotel-manager Gribble (Walter Slezak) and also owner Wagner (Adolphe Menjou).

3 **HOPE DAWNS** in form of Miss Abbott (Anne Jeffreys) and sponsor (Eugene Pallette), who will invest in show if Miss Abbott is in it.

Bright RKO musical

4 **SINGER,** Christine (Gloria de Haven), in love with Glen, tells him truth about his own trite play, but persuades him to sing in Miller's attractive musical.

5 **TO ADD** to their troubles the sponsor's cheque is rejected, so Glen decides to help by pretending to take poison. This stalls the issue at the hotel as theatre fills.

HAPPY FAMILIES

MR. BRAKES, THE BUSMAN

Mr. Brakes the Busman takes
Solvol Soap, big chunky cakes.
It shifts the grease and slush and oil
After a day of grimy toil.
"It *cleans* his hands" his family say
"Fit for a Busman's Holiday!"

S.100.04

6 **THE SHOW** starring Christine and Glen is a great success, and those who once had a bad debt now have a good investment in a hit musical.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Step lively

MONEY troubles form the basis of RKO's newest comedy musical, "Step Lively," which stars Frank Sinatra, George Murphy, Adolphe Menjou, Gloria de Haven, Walter Slezak, and Eugene Pallette.

Sinatra plays the role of a naive young playwright whose famous voice has an important bearing on the plot, and Murphy is cast as a bankrupt theatrical promoter with a sure-fire musical hit on his hands—if he can only raise the money to stage it.

Sinatra sings four of the six tunes.

Gloria de Haven, youthful newcomer from a very famous theatrical family, has the romantic lead opposite Sinatra. Her career, only recently launched, has carried her to the goal of stardom in swift strides won by her talents as singer, dancer, and actress.

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Gay styles for sun addicts . . .

● Red, white, and blue checked gingham is crisply appealing as a semi-backless playfrock with a brief matching bolero. White cotton frills make it engagingly feminine.

● A flattering sunfrock of white cotton spotted with tangerine to match the belt and ruffle bindings. Add a tangerine jacket, and you can wear it to town. (Below.)

● Henna-and-white striped seersucker for a backless beach-frock and trim bolero. The jacket is lined with henna cotton to match the little saucy bows. (Right.)

● A backless pinafore fastening down the back, with unexpected wide shoulder epaulets and handy pouch pockets. Make it in cool blue-and-white striped cotton.

● Befrilled beach-frock, featuring the popular bare-midriff trend, and interpreted in white cotton, printed with orange and blue flowers. The orange cotton swimsuit, tied with cord, teams perfectly with it.

● If suntanned complexions are not for you, you'll appreciate the youthful charm of this short, covered-up beach-frock. It is made in blue-and-white checked gingham with henna spots, and garnished with white bands and rick-rack braid.

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Continuing . . . Tich

from page 5

THERE was no imagination about the noise that followed, though. First a few rifle-shots from the startled sentries; then almost immediately the angry chatter of machine-guns. Luckily the Italians hadn't located their position correctly, so that Bill and his men escaped injury from the first burst of fire.

"Hey, fellers, beat it!" shouted Bill. "They'll have spotlights on us in a minute, so get out of here as lively as you can. Meet at the gap in our wire. Scram, boys!"

Lofty and Tich, together as always, were amongst the last to reach the rendezvous. There were several men there already, and Lofty began to count.

"Six; you and me, that's eight. Two more just comin' in, an', yes, another one behind 'em. That's eleven. One to come yet. Wonder who it is?"

It was too dark to distinguish everyone, but it was obvious that one man was missing. A swift check-up revealed that it was their corporal who had failed to get through.

"He was just a few yards on my left as we cleared the wire," said Scotty. "Now I come to think of it, I did see him stagger once, but he seemed to get going again, so I thought he'd only tripped. Wonder if he was hit?"

"Where did you say that was?" asked Lofty sharply.

"About forty or fifty yards this side of the wire, just clear of the mines. There's a bit of rough ground there, little hollows everywhere, that's what made me think he'd only tripped."

"'Ow about it, Tich?" Lofty turned to where his mate had been standing a few minutes before; but Tich had disappeared.

"Hey, Tich, where are you? I believe he's back on his own. Come on, fellers!"

He swung away toward the enemy lines again, followed closely by his mates. Just then the firing broke out with renewed intensity, and the dazzling glare of searchlights played across the wire and minefields. The men halted and went to ground. They were caught in the reflection from the lights, and a few stray bursts started coming their way.

"That's torn it, boys." Lofty had instinctively taken charge. "Not much chance of getting to them through that lot. We'd better get back to the lines and report. Maybe if our own guns open up a rescue-party might have a show of getting them in.

"I'll be one to go in it," he continued feelingly. "If they've killed my little mate, I'll tear them to pieces."

. . . . . .

Bill was going strongly to the left and a shade behind his men, when the bullet brought him down. A burning stab of pain shot through his right leg. He partially recovered and staggered on for a few yards before his leg collapsed, bringing him down again.

He realised then that walking was out of the question. Well, he could still crawl, the sooner the better, too. Bullets were flying thickly, and some of them were unpleasantly close, frequently showering him with sand and gravel.

He managed to find a small hollow, and crawled into it, thankful for even the slight protection it afforded. The pain in his leg was intense. He felt sick and faint. His throat was parched. He felt for his water-bottle, but found it empty. The bullet that had smashed his thigh had first punctured the water-bottle.

No alternative but to lie and wait until the firing died down and then try to crawl back to the lines, he decided. Wouldn't have to wait very long; the firing had eased off a lot already.

He was startled to hear someone call his name. Must be getting feverish, he thought. But, no; there it was again, louder and nearer. Eagerly he yelled a reply and felt that his throat had cracked with the effort. But he managed to make his voice rise above the fresh outburst of the machine-guns.

He heard the thud of running feet; then a shower of gravel descended on him as a slight figure slid into the protecting hollow. It was too dark to recognise the features of the man who had come to his aid; but there was only one chap of that build in the crowd.

"You!" he cried in amazement. "What the —— Say, did you come back to look for me?"

"Yes. We missed you when we got back to our wire, and Scotty said he had seen you stumble somewhere about here, so I came back to see if you needed a hand. Are you badly hit?"

BILL gasped. "Need a hand! Strike me pink, I'll say I do! It's my leg, busted, I think. Anyhow, I can't walk. But you—— What made you come back to help me? If it was one of my own mates I could understand it, but you——!"

"Don't be silly. We're all mates when there's anything on, aren't we? Anyhow, I suppose I just happened to think of it before the others did. What does it matter? I'm here, and we've got to get out of it somehow."

But Bill couldn't see it that way. "After the rotten way I've—— Say, Tich, will you shake hands and forget it? I'm sorry, cobber. I took you for a cissy-boy, and here you've turned out to be a man and a half."

"Cut it out, Bill." Tich, pleased that the feud had ended at last, shook hands warmly. He was glad that the darkness hid his confusion. "Any one of the boys would have done the same. Wouldn't be surprised if they all came along directly. But we'll make a start, anyway.

"You're pretty hefty, but I think I can manage to crawl home with you on my back, if you can hang on. I'll make it."

And make it he did. The rescue-party picked them up just getting through the wire outside the infantry lines.

Tich was cited, of course, and a decoration seemed assured. But what gave him most satisfaction was the memory of that handshake out in no-man's land.

The O.C., speaking to Bill before he went to the C.C.S., referred proudly to "the little chap."

"Listen, Sir," Bill interjected, "he might be knee-high to a duck, but, take it from me, he's the biggest bloke in this show. If you're looking for a corporal while I'm in hospital, you wouldn't find a better man than my cobber, Tich!"

(Copyright)

Funny That Way

Continued from page 21

MY salad was so crisp it crackled. The steak was perfect, and in addition I had potatoes, green peas, and coffee.

I met Alan at the door with a cup of it. He stared at me. "You have a dress on!" he said oddly.

"Yes. Any luck?"

"Luck?" He laughed shortly, his eyes banging round the room as if he'd have to defend his opinion. "Lots of it! All bad! Too much rain, too much mud, too much——" He stopped. Too much Renna, I prayed—all day playing follow-the-leader, second fiddle to the Beautiful Miss Know-it-all? But all I said was, "I hope you like your dinner." He held my shoulder hard for a minute. "I'll like it," he declared, "if you cooked it!"

Nothing ever tasted better than that meal after all those beans. Alan ate thoughtfully, in a restless, troubled silence. When Harry and Katey cleared the table, Renna tried to draw Alan into conversation, but I poured him another cup of coffee, and slipped out and got my coat.

Renna's eyes narrowed when she saw me. She gave me a mocking little salute as if accepting my challenge. She'd give no quarter, but I'd asked none. I'd stayed up here in enemy territory and done my best. Now it was up to Alan. If he'd rather eat beans and kiss beautiful girls who know everything than look down at me with those honest eyes and see a girl who'll love him till the day she dies, and take care of him because she loves him, I wanted to know it. He could have his druthers, and I'd go back to my typewriter. Even if I knew I could learn to fish!

He stepped between us, his face still troubled, uncomfortable at the tension growing there in the living-room. My throat was dry, but I managed a smile, and said, "Remember me?" He looked from me to Renna and back again. And he looked long and long.

His forehead cleared and the troubled look vanished. I met his look, trying to put all he knew of me into my eyes. Farther than that I couldn't go. But I was trying to remind him silently of all we'd been to each other—of all we could be, the years we could share, flame edged, but built on so secure a foundation flame would brighten but not consume them.

"Remember me?" I repeated. His eyes darkened and deepened and he started to speak, but Renna broke in. "Remember you? How could we forget? You're the little damsel who throws rocks in trout pools!"

It was a murky thing to say. I'd tried so hard to redeem myself. My cheeks flamed and I felt all crumbly, but Alan didn't seem to hear. He was reaching for my hand, and then the other one.

"Sure—I remember you! And come on outside! You're the girl I brought up to the hills to tell—to tell a lot of things that—that can't wait any longer!"

When we came back, Renna seemed to know it was all signed, sealed, and settled between us. She should have known, for Renna knew everything, better than anyone else. She bowed out gracefully enough the next morning. Right after breakfast she started toward the highway to get a lift to town.

We watched her, Alan and I, standing on the porch, close together.

"Hope she doesn't get lost," he said presently. "One can, you know, in strange surroundings." He looked at me the least bit shamefacedly. "If you get sidetracked on to the wrong trail—you can wake up and find yourself in most weird places!"

"Were you—very far off the trail?" I had to ask.

He pulled me closer, grinning. "The gal has her points, there's no denying, but who——" he shuddered, "would want to marry a cross between a schoolteacher, Boy Scout leader, and guidebook, all rolled into one?"

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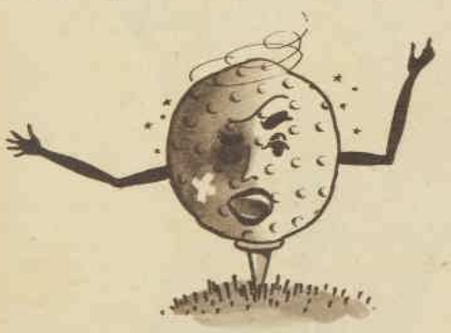

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MIDENE

How she grows!

● Fay Lorraine Morgan, our New Year Baby, at nine months. Brimful of life, her waking hours are certainly busy.

NOTE how firmly she grasps her cup and drinks greedily! (Right) Her first car ride was sheer joy.

FAY and her faithful hound. The pup adores her. She tries to pull his ears off, poke his eyes out. Tries to sit on him. Has to be watched.

WHEN the barricades are down these stairs are a joy to Fay. She can crawl up them at an amazing pace; objects to being rescued!

EARLY INDEPENDENCE! Fay is giving signs that she intends to be a very self-reliant little miss! She insists on trying to feed herself, but mealtimes are rather noisy at present, as the spoon is also used as a hammer. Fay has cut her first tooth and is cutting another—so she likes to feel a nice cool spoon on her swollen gums.

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PT 27

POPULAR ERRORS

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IT is strange, even in our enlightened days, when mothers can get expert advice from baby health centres, that so many of them still listen to "old - wives' tales."

They will rather take the gratuitous advice of well-meaning but ill-informed neighbors on pre-natal and post-natal problems and follow it often with disastrous consequences.

A few of these popular fallacies that often confront a young and inexperienced mother have been listed and described in a leaflet prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. This will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Don't fear High Blood Pressure, because simple High Blood Pressure can be controlled and brought to a safe level by taking a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and following the Menthoid Diet Chart.

Constant headaches, poor circulation, failing sight, failing memory, dizziness, flushes, and kidney and bladder weaknesses are often caused by High Blood Pressure.

If you suffer in this way, start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, the new prescription for High Blood Pressure—to banish aches and pains, improve circulation, purify your blood, and give you new energy and good health.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids contain no drugs and are safe for the most delicate patient. Every flask of Menthoids contains the valuable diet chart which will help you. Get a 6/6 flask of 80 Menthoids (month's treatment), or 3/6 (12-day) flask of 36, from your nearest chemist or store to-day.

Be Sure to Get Genuine DR. MACKENZIE'S

MENTHOIDS

HE WANTS TO GROW UP LIKE DADDY

He's filled out so much lately, Daddy will scarcely know him for the same little boy he left at home. The credit for *that* belongs to Mummy. She knows how vitally important it is, in these days of recurring shortages, to guard against lack of essential food elements in a child's diet.

Horlicks provides these necessary food elements in correct balance. Horlicks is a complete food in itself. It contains up to 15% of first-class protein so important for building up sturdy young bodies.

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These natural sugars pass into the bloodstream very quickly and do not overtax your child's digestion. Children look forward to their regular Horlicks every day. Its malty sweetness satisfies their natural craving for sweet things. And mothers will find Horlicks economical in use. It is sold in handy glass jars, or in tins, price 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country).

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gives children extra energy.

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Horlicks is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing. It needs mixing with water only, and can be taken hot or cold. Horlicks keeps indefinitely. Always replace lid firmly when not in use.

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LITTLE COLD VEAL-BIRDS, as tender and delicious as young chickens, served with orange sections, potato and bacon salad, and crisp greens.

Approach to Summer

By
OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

● Time for menu review . . . salads, ice-creams, and cool drinks are here for everyday service. File these suggestions to pep-up this summer's food routine.

SELL your family the idea of a salad a day. Serve them for dinner often in place of the hot dinner plate.

Make them hearty and as varied as the days of the month. Preface them with a well-seasoned clear soup or vegetable broth, or small hot entree.

Pamper the family with ice-creams if there is a refrigerator in the kitchen. They need not be expensive.

Dress them up occasionally with hot melted block chocolate (it goes a long way), with a sauce of sugar boiled to a caramel in water, with sliced fruits and nuts.

Serve the ice-cream sometimes in crisp sweet pastry cases, in freshly made patty cakes, on sponge rings, or in meringue cases.

Check up such basic recipes as a good salad-dressing, a clear stock, an aspic jelly, a brawn, and a fruit jelly that can be whipped into a dozen variations.

Plan a kitchen routine that spends a minimum of time in the kitchen during the heat of the day.

Main meal salad platters

COLD veal-birds with poultry seasoning, potato and bacon salad, orange sections, and crisp lettuce.

Sliced, minted, new potatoes, chopped celery in salad dressing, chopped jellied tomato puree, and wafer-cut cold sausage.

Prawns set in tomato jelly with tiny new potatoes, celery curls, and sliced lettuce hearts.

Shredded ham and broad beans in mayonnaise with tomato wedges, pineapple cubes, and lettuce garnish.

Flaked, cooked fish and chopped capsicums in a cream salad sauce with lettuce and sliced, hard-boiled eggs.

Diced apples, beetroot, and potatoes, mixed and seasoned with salad dressing, served in lettuce cups with fish jellied in tomato puree.

Sliced corned lamb served with chilled cooked green peas, shredded carrot, and minced radish and celery, served with shallot-flavored salad dressing.

Minced lamb mixed with diced apple and celery, piled in lettuce cups and topped with salad dressing and served with sliced tomato, cucumber, and onion seasoned with vinegar.

Shredded lobster and cooked flaked whiting served in a cream sauce seasoned with mustard and sherry or lemon juice, served with lettuce, beetroot strips, and hard-boiled eggs.

Sliced cold stuffed shoulder of mutton with diced potatoes and green peas in salad dressing, and a well-seasoned slaw of finely shredded crisp cabbage and sliced radishes.

Salad dressings

FURTHER additions may be made to any of these dressings. Most usual flavors include parsley, mint, chives, grated cheese, chutney, or chopped pickle, gherkins, olives, horseradish, capers, shallot, curry powder, grated apple, Worcestershire sauce. Add these to taste.

SALAD SAUCE

Half-pint smooth white sauce, medium thickness, 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, 1 beaten egg, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon (or to taste) Worcestershire sauce. Cook without boiling for 3 minutes. Chill.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING

Mix ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch cayenne pepper, and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 2 well-beaten eggs, and stir in slowly ½ cup vinegar, ½ cup water, and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Cook slowly over boiling water until mixture coats spoon. Cool.

SIMPLE UNCOOKED DRESSING

Two hard-boiled egg-yolks, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 3 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt. Pound together, adding vinegar very slowly.

FRENCH DRESSING

Slice a small onion or clove garlic and stand for 20 minutes with ½ cup vinegar or lemon juice. Strain. Add to vinegar ½ teaspoon salt, shake of pepper, ½ teaspoon sugar. Add 2-3rds cup salad oil and whisk well, or cover and shake vigorously.

Ice-creams

THESE recipes are for a home refrigerator. One only of them uses cream. Essences, orange or lemon rind, chocolate, coffee, or caramel can be added for flavoring.

Quick freezing makes a smoother ice-cream, but it is not always convenient to set control at maximum. With usual refrigerator temperature allow 5 to 6 hours in the ice-trays for setting.

A smoother ice-cream is obtained if the ice-cream is turned out of the ice-trays 2 or 3 times and whisked well.

JUNKET ICE-CREAM

Dissolve 1 rennet tablet in 1 tablespoon water. Add 2 cups warm milk, 1 tablespoon honey or sugar, and 2 egg-yolks. When beginning to set, pour into refrigerator trays to freeze. Remove once and whisk and return to refrigerator.

POWDERED MILK ICE-CREAM

Whisk 4 tablespoons powdered milk into 1 pint fresh milk. Add 1 tablespoon sugar and ½ teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water. Whisk well, and pour into refrigerator trays. Chill 1½ hours, whisk well again, add flavoring, and return to refrigerator to freeze.

ICED VANILLA CUSTARD CREAM

Blend 1 tablespoon cornflour with 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 cup milk and cook over boiling water, stirring frequently for 15 minutes. Cool, beat in 2 egg-yolks, and cook a further 5 minutes without boiling. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites and few drops vanilla, and freeze in refrigerator trays.

SIMPLE ICE-CREAM USING CREAM

Whip 2 egg-whites until stiff and fold into ½ pint lightly whipped cream, 2 tablespoons icing sugar, and few drops of vanilla. Chill in refrigerator trays.

Summer drinks

APPLE JUICE

Place 4lb. peeled and cored juicy cooking apples in jars with 3 pints water. Stand in pan and simmer until broken. Strain through jelly bag; add ½lb. sugar to every 1 pint liquid and boil 10 minutes. Pour into bottles, cork and seal. Dilute with plain or aerated water.

LEMONADE

Boil ½ pint lemon juice and 1lb. sugar until sugar dissolves. Strain, bottle, cork and seal. When required, add about 1 tablespoon syrup to 1 tumbler of water, and stir in a pinch of bicarbonate of soda for effervescence.

GINGER SYRUP

Boil 8oz. bruised ginger, the rind and strained juice of 1 lemon, 3 pints water, and 3lb. sugar for ½ hour. Skim, strain, bottle, cork and seal. Dilute as required with plain or aerated water.

RHUBARB SHERBET

Boil 1lb. chopped rhubarb with 1 pint of water for 20 minutes. Strain and add a drop or two of cochineal, if liked; add lemon or orange juice and sugar to taste. Add stiffly beaten egg-white and chill until beginning to ice.

ICED RUSSIAN TEA

Make tea in usual way, stand 5 minutes, strain, and add sugar and lemon juice to taste. Cover and chill, and serve in glasses with thinly sliced lemon and ice chips.

CHERRY WATER

Bruise and break 1lb. ripe red cherries in a bowl, add about 6 broken kernels, 4oz. sugar, and 2 pints boiling water. Cover and stand 6 hours. Strain. Color further if liked, and serve iced.

PINEAPPLE WATER

Scrub pineapple before peeling, place rind and core in pan with 8oz. of sugar and water to cover. Simmer 15 to 20 minutes. Strain and chill.

BARLEY WATER

Wash 2oz. pearl barley and bring slowly to the boil with 1 pint water. Boil 5 minutes, strain off water, and add 3 pints cold water. Simmer gently for 2 hours, add sugar and lemon juice to taste. Serve cold.

MALTED MILK

Add 1 heaped teaspoon of ice-cream and ½ teaspoon malt extract to a tumbler of cold milk. Whisk with rotary beater until well mixed and frothy, and serve at once.

HONEY ORANGE PUNCH

Boil ½ cup honey and grated rind of 1 orange with 1 cup water for 3 minutes. Strain, and when cold add strained juice of 4 oranges and ½ lemon. Sweeten further to taste, and dilute with plain or aerated water. Serve chilled.

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FAMILIES AND FIGURES

● Modern exercises and treatment eliminate once and for all a young mother's fear of losing her figure.

NANCY KENMORE was a "young married" who had been a business secretary for four years before her marriage. She had come to me to find out if her shy hope was real.

As I gave her directions which followed on the good news I could see there was something on her mind.

"I'm worried that having a baby will spoil my figure," she finally admitted.

I was able to assure her that there was more good news. Thanks to the modern physical care before and after the babe arrives most figures could not only be restored, but some are even improved.

"You have been in a sedentary job for four years with only week-end tennis and occasional dancing for exercise. Your muscles will need the special care and exercise which will be given by a physiotherapist. You are inclined to be flat-chested and a little round-shouldered. I feel sure I can promise you that your figure, your poise, and general posture will be improved by the experience of maternity.

"Of course, your body will store up reserves of nourishment to help you during the period of lactation, but by the time the baby is weaned you will have come back to something better than normal."

For the past few years I have been sending all my maternity patients to women physiotherapists for physical education and muscle control, and I am quite satisfied that the mothers have been more healthy, have had their babies more easily, and have kept their figures to a greater extent than before.

The teaching and guidance of these mothers in their "exercises" can only be done properly by personal instruction by physiotherapists, who have done three years' University training and have a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology.

"I feel very much relieved to know that, doctor," said Nancy. "I will certainly do as you suggest, and have the care of the physiotherapist you recommend."

Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse, also says:

"Fortunately, you can now be taught at all pre-natal clinics many exercises for the training of your muscles for child-birth in the same way as any athlete trains the special muscles he needs to use for his particular sport — whether it is jumping, swimming, or boxing.

"You can learn how to control them — to contract them and relax them at will, and thus help yourself and your doctor materially when your baby is born.

"You can also be taught special post-natal exercises which help your body to regain its strength and youthful beauty."

HERE IS A PICTURE of a young mother and her baby. Note how girlish she looks, how trim and youthful her figure. In many instances, figure, poise, and general posture are improved by motherhood. Read what Medico has to say on this page.

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PLANT TOMATOES eighteen inches to two feet apart. Firm soil well. Do not plant too deeply, otherwise ring-barking may result.

Tomato Success

● Many home gardeners lose a considerable percentage of their tomatoes because of the unchecked inroads of pests and diseases. A foreknowledge of what they are, and of their control, may prevent loss.

TOMATOES rot from various causes, but there is usually a fungus or bacterium lurking in the background that initiates the trouble. An exception is blossom-end rot, a physiological disease that is caused by a temporary but serious deficiency of water in the fruit at certain critical stages of development.

Good cultural practices, such as crop rotation, proper fertilisation, the maintenance of high organic-matter reserves, and the destruction of all diseased plant refuse in the soil in the autumn will help to keep diseases to a minimum.

The use of special precautions, such as staking, mulching, the use of disease-free seeds and seedlings, the use of fungicidal and insecticidal sprays and dusts, are all worth while.

Bordeaux mixture is the best known and one of the most efficient fungicides. Leaf-eaters (those that eat leaves and fruit) can be controlled by lead arsenate spray. Sucking insects need contact sprays such as nicotine sulphate, derris, kerosene-soap emulsion, and tartar emetic.

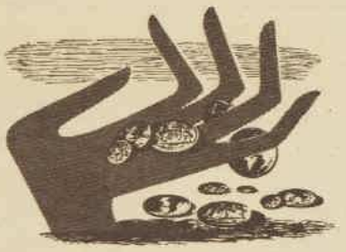
Prize recipe

CREOLE LIVER

Half-pound lamb's fry, 4 level tablespoons fat, 2 sliced onions, ½ chopped green pepper, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 cups chopped, skinned tomatoes, 2 cups cooked lima beans, macaroni or spaghetti.

Scald liver and cut into small cubes. Dredge with flour, salt, and pepper. Heat fat in pan, and fry liver, onions, and green pepper until browned. Drain off surplus fat. Add tomatoes, and cook slowly 20 to 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add beans, macaroni or spaghetti, correct seasoning to taste, and serve hot.

First Prize of £1 in our weekly recipe contest to Mrs. B. Rede, 437 Raithdown St., Carlton N.3, Vic.



Don't be a butterfingers . .

Money slips through one's fingers so easily! A shilling here, a shilling there — then 'Where did the rest of that pound go?' When supplies are available again we shall be sorry we didn't take more thought for the morrow. It would be galling to watch the 'wise ones' spending their savings while we had none. For there will be plenty to buy then. And plenty of Tootal Fabrics, prettier than ever — many of them marked with the 'Tebilized' brand that stands for *tested crease-resistance.*

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Recipe for Romance

From a mist of tulle the bride's radiant face vies with her flowers for dewy loveliness. In her heart she blesses the gentle care that Palmolive soap has given her skin ever since she was a baby. The rich, velvety lather of Palmolive beautifies the skin while it cleanses because the special blend of olive and palm oils, contained in Palmolive soap, gives you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe. Use Palmolive faithfully for your daily facials and your shower or bath. Let Palmolive be your recipe for beauty.

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Palmolive Soap for that Schoolgirl Complexion

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